

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 417, Vol. 16.

October 24, 1863.

Price 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

## THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIK.

GERMANY has just ended the celebration of an event which is not only the greatest in her modern annals, but is also full of interest from the political significance it has for the grandsons of those who fifty years ago fought and won the Battle of the Nations. It can scarcely be called a great military triumph for the adversaries of NAPOLEON, as their forces so greatly outnumbered his that nothing but the gross mistakes of the Austrian General ever rendered the contest for a moment doubtful; and the main interest of the story, even to English readers, consists in the tale, not of the gradual advance of the overpowering forces of the Allies, but in that of the resolution and resources of NAPOLEON, and of the heroic, hopeless resistance of his Generals. But Leipsic was undoubtedly a great day for Germany, and although Germany might not unnaturally be a little ashamed to celebrate it now, it is wiser and better that such humiliation as this celebration carries with it should be swallowed, and that all the proud and ennobling thoughts it may be made to awake should be brought into as strong a relief as possible. The conductors of the present Leipsic festivities appear to have been at some pains to make it clear that the celebration was not intended as an exultation over the French, but only as a commemoration of their own national spirit. The French may naturally smile a little at this. The battle of Leipsic is a memory that can have little shame in it for them. The nation that was then beaten back now dictates to the Continent of Europe, and since the fall of NAPOLEON has illustrated, for the benefit of mankind, the different values of almost every political principle, has furnished an unceasing flow of new thought to Europe, has got the enterprise of the greater part of Europe under its command, and has won glory in battles fought against Spaniards and Dutch, Italians, Russians, and Austrians. Germany is almost as powerless now as it was before Leipsic. Its Sovereigns cannot lead forward its peoples. Its literature is almost dead; it produces no poetry, no philosophy, no fiction worth naming; it has no influence, except by the force of its dead weight. It cannot determine the policy of Russia or France; it cannot even regulate the most simple discussions in its own body; and the Federal Execution in Holstein has sunk from the impracticable to the ludicrous through the contest between Hanover and Saxony as to the leadership of the tiny force that is to frighten Denmark. The contrast is too gratifying to France for Frenchmen to feel hurt because a few thousand peaceable burghers meet together at Leipsic, and go about the streets singing patriotic choruses and waving lanterns of paper stained with the national colours. This is a very harmless demonstration to oppose to Imperial France. And yet Germany is wise to keep alive this memory of the day when it was once successful and great. Nations are greater than they seem precisely because they cherish these traditions, and thus maintain a fund of nobleness and patriotism in their hearts which is scarcely visible beneath a homely or vulgar exterior. The Swiss guides so familiar to English tourists, and the porters at Swiss hotels, do not seem as if they had much in common with the WILLIAM TELL of whom, and of whose doings, they are always ready to sing. And yet it is probable they have a certain respect for themselves as compatriots of the heroes of the revolt against Austria which makes them less worthless than they would otherwise be, and which, in a moment of new danger, might be kindled into a real national enthusiasm. The memory of Trafalgar and Waterloo slumbers, we believe, somewhere in the recesses of the bosom of the English peasant. It lies very deep down, as far as we can judge, but a great national crisis would revive it and bring it to the surface. And so, though Germany is now feeble and divided, and hampered by its array of useless little Sovereigns and the barriers of its social divisions, yet it has a

general national life which is not dead, which seems continually on the eve of bursting forth, and which all this hymn-singing and torch-bearing may do something to fan into a flame.

The Germans who have just now met at Leipsic are said to have had a more definite aim than that of merely keeping alive the tradition of their country having once been able to do something not unworthy of itself. They wish to bring home to the recollection of all whom it may concern that the great days of Germany were when the people took the lead, and the Sovereigns were thrown into the background. Popular songs, and popular heroism, and a burst of ardent popular religion impelled the German nation forward to work its deliverance from NAPOLEON, and the Princes were obliged to go where this vast motive force hurried them. Prussia and Austria were both made to take the field by the irresistible impulse of a people conscious of new-born strength, and flushed with the delirious hope of safety and honour after long and abject degradation. And the battle of Leipsic is memorable, not only because the conquerors were made to conquer by a people whose enthusiasm burst all bounds, but because this enthusiasm spread its fires through the whole German nation, swept away the political ties that the distractions and jealousies of the petty Sovereigns had created, and, in spite of the resistance of the Courts, forced Saxony and Bavaria to withdraw from the cause of NAPOLEON and throw in their lot with that of the Fatherland. It was the intelligence of the defection of Bavaria that determined NAPOLEON and his Generals to retreat to Leipsic, and there abide the great shock of fate. It was the defection of the Saxon troops in the crisis of the battle which, more than any other incident, disarranged the plans of NAPOLEON. And in both instances the Sovereign was separated, both in feeling and in behaviour, from his people. The Cabinet of Munich did not indeed venture to resist openly the unmistakable will of the people, but it warned NAPOLEON of what was coming; and to this day the Royal Family at Munich prides itself, not on the aid it gave to bring NAPOLEON down, but on the hearty zeal it showed in striving to set him up. The King of SAXONY was actually taken prisoner at Leipsic, and treated with the utmost harshness that a Royal captive could expect to experience. The desertion of NAPOLEON by Bavaria and Saxony is not a very heroic passage in the annals of those States, but it is a conspicuous instance of the community of feeling which in extreme moments pervades the whole German population, and of the powerlessness of the petty Sovereigns to withstand this feeling when it is once aroused. Those, therefore, who consider that the whole hope of Germany lies in the possibility of reviving this feeling now, and of thus creating a force before which the opposition of the minor princes to a united Germany will flee away like chaff before the wind, have a show of reason when they thus try to make the most of the anniversary of Leipsic; and they may perhaps be right when they contend that their choruses and lantern processions are not without a real political bearing, and are full of menace to the petty Sovereigns under whose auspices the last fifty years have been so profitless and inglorious to the Fatherland.

How far Germans can go beyond this simple process of shouting national anthems and burning variegated lanterns is one of the darkest political secrets of modern Europe. It cannot be doubted that some at least of the Germans have great political qualities. They have enthusiasm, they have endless patience, and they have a keen sense of all those arts which lead to wealth and material well-being. This is a combination which promises great things, and it may be going some day to give Germany a brilliant future. Germany seems, above all things, to want leaders, and even at the date of the battle of Leipsic the efforts of the people were nearly paralysed by the weakness and pedantry of those who were set

over them. And yet Germany has produced great leaders in its day, and the best Germans seem to have many qualities which ought to make them capable of leading. Curiously enough, although the nation is in some respects a very poetical one, and although no characteristic of the War of Liberation was more conspicuous than the recklessness of popular enthusiasm which it called into prominence, all German leaders in recent days have seemed to be deficient in fire, in life, and in that which NAPOLEON called the popular fibre. This was the one deficiency in the late PRINCE CONSORT, otherwise a complete specimen of all that a German is at his best—full of nobleness, and high thoughts, and self-abnegation. But it seems impossible that all the efforts of the German people should be thrown away, and every twelvemonth seems to bring them a little nearer to the fulfilment of their dreams. The Prussians have taken a step which can hardly be destitute of fruit. They have accepted the challenge of the Court and the Cabinet, and in defiance of all warnings, and in spite of the most strenuous and unscrupulous Ministerial resistance, they have secured the election of a Chamber which must place the nation in open collision with the Sovereign, unless some sudden change of purpose overcomes the obstinacy of the KING, and restores Prussia to the position in which the interests of Germany demand she should be. In a very few weeks it will be decided whether the KING is to govern in defiance of all law, or whether German firmness and patriotism is to win a bloodless victory, which, if not so important in itself, will be as momentous to this generation as the battle of Leipsic.

#### HOME POLITICS.

IF HER MAJESTY could, without disrespect, be supposed to share the crotchety ambition of the King of Prussia, she might congratulate herself on the remarkable exemption from hostile attack which her Ministers at present enjoy. Without waiting for Royal exhortations, which indeed might not produce the desired effect, constituencies and public meetings almost unanimously approve the foreign policy and domestic inaction of the Government. It matters little whether the law officers are addressing the electors who have just confirmed their appointment, or Major BERESFORD is lamenting at an agricultural dinner that he can find no political ground of complaint. On the whole, perhaps, the Ministerial members approach more boldly than their opponents to the limits of criticism. Mr. COLLIER reminds his constituents that he has once or twice voted against the Government; and Mr. LEFEVRE hints, with the hasty irreverence of youth, that it is Lord RUSSELL, and not the country, which ought to "rest and be thankful." In the long and useful career to which Mr. LEFEVRE may fairly look forward, he will probably pass through seasons of agitation which will contrast more or less agreeably with the present calm. Lord RUSSELL, who was the last of his contemporaries to acquiesce in the expediency of letting things alone, represents for the moment, more accurately than his impatient censors, the wish or instinct of the community. It may be perfectly true that dormant liberalism is not altogether intelligible to eager partisans, but the country at present cares little for party. It is hard on Major BERESFORD to have to discuss the price of flour and the construction of labourers' cottages, instead of denouncing the misconduct of the Government; but the attention of politicians has for several years been directed almost exclusively to foreign affairs, and Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL have interpreted with unusual success the spirit of the national policy. It may be a matter of conjecture whether the majority of Englishmen incline to the North or to the South in the American quarrel, and perhaps the dispassionate observers who suspend their prepossessions and opinions may claim to be the most faithful exponents of public opinion; but as to the practical result of perfect neutrality there is really no difference of judgment. The few who profess to understand the affairs of Schleswig and Holstein agree in deprecating an unintelligible war; and as to Poland, there is a general consent that Russia is wrong, and, at the same time, that it is not the business of England to correct the injustice.

Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, who was not long since reckoned by many persons as a member of the Opposition, gives the strongest or most zealous evidence in favour of himself and his colleagues. He would not consent either to sit in Parliament or to hold the most lucrative office in the gift of the Crown, except with a view to the public services which he is prepared to render, and the good which he intends to effect. He will "never for a moment have the feeling which would prevent him from preferring the interests of the country to

"the interests of party, or to any personal interests what-ever." It is gratifying to know that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is so conscientious, nor is it possible to doubt his testimony to the kindred virtues of the PRIME MINISTER, the FOREIGN SECRETARY, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. "If ever there was a man who loved his country, that man is Lord PALMERSTON," and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is "proud to serve under that man." Lord RUSSELL has administered foreign affairs as they were never administered before, and "in our revenue we have the advantage of a Minister, the object of perpetual obloquy to his opponents, who triumphs over that obloquy by his disinterestedness and success." It would not be easy to quote any attempt during the last two years to throw obloquy on Mr. GLADSTONE's financial policy, and there is much reason to hope that in the next Session it will once more be his pleasant duty to reduce taxation, with the certainty of receiving universal approbation. Yet it is, perhaps, not altogether judicious to eulogise HERCULES, or to proclaim with too vociferous a repetition the justice of ARISTIDES. The Ministers are very tolerable Ministers, and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is a highly competent Attorney-General; but a reaction may sooner or later be provoked, if the country is expected to be incessantly admiring the rulers whom it has no desire to disturb. A mere accident may at any time produce a change of Government, and it is extremely doubtful whether the dominant party could hang together in the absence of the present PRIME MINISTER. The recent elections have increased the strength of the Opposition by two or three votes, although Richmond and Plymouth and Devonport remain faithful to their customary allegiance, and although Barnstaple has partially compensated the reverses of Coventry and Tamworth. The general election which must take place at furthest within two years may possibly substitute a hostile majority for the fine balance of parties which has prevailed for several years.

It would perhaps be unreasonable to expect that foreigners should study election proceedings which, even to patriots warmly interested in domestic affairs, seem for the most part intolerably dull. Yet if French pamphleteers or American politicians would listen to Parliamentary candidates, or to speakers at agricultural meetings, they might correct the Continental belief in the malignant astuteness of England, and they might possibly even appease in some degree the angry jealousy of the Northern Republicans. If Ministers and party leaders plot against the peace and freedom of the world, they carefully keep their conspiracies to themselves when they desire to win popular applause. No constituency would sanction a declaration that the losses of foreign countries were the gain of England; nor is the smallest desire for territorial aggrandisement, or even for the extension of national influence, avowed in addresses to the multitude. All speakers take it for granted that peace and justice are popular as well as admirable, and if they have any unaccountable criminal designs, their dark purposes are carefully concealed. The Russians say that England is bent on destroying Cronstadt, the Poles assert that the centre of Russian intrigues is in London, and the French denounce the imaginary jealousy which attends the designs of the Imperial Government in Mexico or in Poland; but on borough hustings there is at least universal reticence and a general affectation of harmless simplicity. While Continental speculators in politics are always proposing ingenious readjustments of the balance of power, stupid Englishmen think that it is neither the duty nor the interest of the country to indulge in perpetual meddling. If Mr. COLLIER and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER had been Americans, they would perhaps have promised to conquer Canada from England, or they might have invited the Russian fleet to sweep the commerce of France and England from the seas. Mr. LEFEVRE especially, as a young man of ability with his political fortune to make, could scarcely have failed to commence his career by a proclamation of internecine hostility to half the world. If English members entertain any similar aspirations, they fully understand that constituents are too prosaic and commonplace to appreciate startling revelations. A candidate's speech in modern times is as colourless and inoffensive as a sermon.

It is remarkable that, in all recent addresses, Parliamentary Reform has been utterly forgotten. Mr. COLLIER, indeed, offers a superfluous apology for a vote against the ballot, but the reconstruction of the representative system has for the time disappeared from the recognised list of political topics. Five years ago, it might have been supposed that candidates of all parties desired seats in the House of Commons, not, like Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, from generally disinterested motives of beneficence, but in the hope of promoting their rival schemes



of Reform. The speakers affected enthusiasm for the cause, and the audience pretended to listen and sympathize. It was only when a Bill to effect the common object had been read a second time without opposition that the House of Commons and the country discovered that, from first to last, no one except Lord JOHN RUSSELL had been in earnest. The collapse of the spurious agitation was so ludicrous that it converted even the one genuine Reformer. The author of the Bill soon afterwards retired to the House of Lords, where he rests and is thankful, leaving it to younger theorists to repeat his experiment. It is highly probable that changes in the franchise or in the distribution of members may hereafter excite more serious attention. The temporary oblivion of Reform illustrates, not the unsoundness of the project, but the absurdity of anticipating with conventional eagerness an imaginary demand. At present it would be difficult to devise a convenient distinction of parties, if a general election were impending; but great alterations of circumstances and opinions may take place within the next year and a half. Mr. DISRAELI is ingenious in perverse expositions of policy which serve from time to time to revive the popularity of the Government. Mr. BRIGHT, who rendered Parliamentary Reform impossible by his agitation of five years ago, may perhaps promote the purposes of Conservatism by preaching American doctrines with his usual pugnacity and vigour. Almost any change would make contemporary history more amusing, but the public interests are perhaps best cared for when all parties are disposed, like Lord RUSSELL, to rest and be thankful.

#### M. BILLAULT AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

THE Emperor of the FRENCH has seldom allowed so large an amount of personal feeling to enter into his public acts as in the honour he has paid to M. BILLAULT and the regret he has expressed at his loss. It seems, at first, as if the value of a public servant who was able and fluent, but who never held any very high post and never was supposed to exercise any great influence, must have been overrated when his Sovereign treats his unexpected death as a national calamity. But M. BILLAULT, besides having the value of a public servant who can always do creditably what he is told to do, and helps along the wheels of administration by good management of men and a skilful apportionment of business, had an accidental value to the EMPEROR. He was the only confidential ally of the Government who had taken no part in the *coup d'état*. His name had never been tainted with privity to any of the plots by which the present Government was set up. He was an official against whom nothing could be said except that he was an Imperialist, and he possessed exactly the qualities which the EMPEROR required in a Minister whose duty it should be to disguise the nakedness of despotism under the disguise of an appeal to the wisdom of a consultative assembly. M. BILLAULT had the art of making as good a speech, and using as available statistics, and exhibiting as much tact and courtesy as if he had been a real Parliamentary leader speaking to a real Parliament; and yet he was always quite aware, and took care in a subtle way to make his hearers also aware, that the speaking on both sides was to be carried on in the presence of a person so very unlike a real Parliamentary President as Duke MORNAY. It is a great mistake to consider such men as mere timeservers and hypocrites. They have a certain skill, and they like exhibiting it. They feel that they know how to manage assemblies, how to put things in the shape most intelligible to a number of different minds, how to place before their hearers the statement of what must be done, and to inspire the conviction that what has been determined elsewhere must be acquiesced in; and yet they can communicate this without affronting any one or awakening personal enmities, and can inspire a belief that that which is dictated is very reasonable, or at least plausible, in itself. Many a great Tory lawyer possessed and cultivated gifts like these in the old days when the Tory reign seemed established for ever, and perhaps there have been Whig lawyers who have done something of the same sort in later days. M. BILLAULT took up Imperialism very much as Lord LYNCHURST took up Toryism. It was something which each found prevailing, something from which the bent of their minds was not alien; and, above all, something which, if adopted, gave their abilities not only free scope, but a free scope of the most congenial and appropriate kind. And just as Lord LYNCHURST may have been reasonably thought to have cast a lustre on Toryism, so M. BILLAULT has cast a lustre, though of a feebleness kind, on Imperialism; and he has done services to the

Empire which at the moment were precious, and which no one else could have rendered so well.

It was, therefore, an anxious matter to appoint his successor; and, from the way in which his appointment was made and canvassed, we may guess that M. ROUHER is not expected to be all to the Government that M. BILLAULT was. And he assumes his office of spokesman for the Government at a very arduous moment. He has to face the first Chamber in which there has been any considerable number of opponents to the Government. He will have to answer the attacks of old orators and young orators. He will have to reply to M. THIERS, and to parry the attacks of MM. FAVRE and OLLIVIER and SIMON. It is true that he is strong in the knowledge that the Government he serves is irresistible, and that, after any amount of discussion and the most splendid displays of oratory and debating power, the will of the EMPEROR will still be the only source of law. But the EMPEROR is far too wise to wish that there should be nothing offered but an insolent parade of power in reply to the criticisms of those who speak the voice of the large towns of France. As almost all the opponents of the Government sit for important constituencies and for the chief towns of France, whatever they say will command the interest and arrest the attention of the most educated and the most lively portion of French society, and it would be a great risk to the Empire if their speeches met with no better answer than that of coarse threats. The EMPEROR might be safe, possibly, if he used the most naked arts of tyranny, and replied to all criticism with the sword. But it would be a great fall to him in prestige and fame if he were to sink into the position of a mere dull tyrant, and to govern, not by expressing the will of the country, but by mere brute force. He will wish to be represented in the Chamber by a Minister who, like M. BILLAULT, can conceal the sword under garlands of neat speaking, and who knows how to state the intentions of the Government without committing it too far, and without cutting off all possibility of retreat. The subjects on which discussion will turn are all such as to demand very nice handling from the representatives of the Government. France and Europe are waiting to know what the EMPEROR has done, and is going to do, for Poland; and the phrases must be very happily chosen which at once convince Frenchmen that France has done all that could be done, and yet give no offence to other Powers, and no more hope to the Poles themselves than it is really intended they should conceive. The conduct of the Government in Mexico is still harder to explain and defend. The Opposition have a very clear case, and the country is with them. The Mexican business is a mistake, unless France is prepared to go much deeper into the venture than she has gone already. But it is equally difficult for the EMPEROR to justify the past, and to explain what he is prepared to do for the future in Mexico. Probably, to explain his objects, if he really has any distinct objects at all, would be to defeat them. He will carry on the Mexican business as he pleases, whatever may be said in the Chamber; but it would be very convenient if the talking Minister had sufficient tact to hint at great things, and yet repress curiosity, and could suggest that the justification of the EMPEROR would be discovered when the whole project had been carried out, while yet it was never distinctly admitted that any justification was needed.

The EMPEROR, in selecting M. BILLAULT's successor, appears to have had a very small list to choose from. There are scarcely any men of note springing up under the Empire. This is only what might have been expected. There is no public life in which rising abilities can be trained; there is no avenue to civil fame through which the coming men can be made to appear. So far as the intellect of France retains its activity, it either goes off into fields which belong to no Government, and busies itself with science or theology, or else it works in a direction adverse to the Empire, and furnishes the EMPEROR, not with servants, but with opponents. The EMPEROR does not appear hitherto to have regretted this much. He has given the chief places in his Ministry to his old companions in the *coup d'état*, because they wanted office as the reward due to them; and he knew that they could be trusted as no one else could be trusted who had not embarked in the same adventure. But after a proper tribute was paid to their claims, he does not seem to have thought that one man was much better than another for office, and he has even appeared to take a pleasure in surprising the world by appointing to high office men who could not possibly have ever guessed that they were going to be Ministers. If they are only to carry out his will, any useful, hardworking officials, with pleasant manners and a little conversation ready on

matters in which the EMPEROR takes special interest, might do very well. It may be said to be part of the theory of the Empire that there should be no rising men, for if the EMPEROR is everything, rising men would be only rising to different degrees below zero. But then this theory of the Empire, if pushed to its extreme, makes the notion of an hereditary Empire absurd; and this is so obvious that many persons speculate, even in France, whether the EMPEROR will not, before it is too late, turn to some system of government which would make the Sovereign less and his Ministers more. Those who think that this is the only policy open to the EMPEROR if he wishes to found a dynasty, and who gladly catch at every hope of increased political liberty, watch Ministerial changes with an interest peculiar to themselves, and discover that there is a depth of meaning in every fresh appointment. They have already found out that M. ROUHER is a man of liberal views, and that he must be taken as an advance upon M. BILLAULT. Their theory is, that the EMPEROR intends, by a gradation of infinite shades of increasing Liberalism in his Ministers, to make France at last free, instead of what it is now. But it must be observed that the shades are so very nearly alike, and the hue appears to be so absolutely the same in all Ministers, that no time which any living man can have anything to do with would be sufficient for the change to operate. Nor is there any great likelihood that the EMPEROR has any intention of abandoning the characteristics of Imperialism on inventing which he most prides himself, and which he has always treated as essential to its success. The policy of France is the policy of the EMPEROR alone, and the infinitesimal degree in which the liberalism of M. ROUHER exceeds that of M. BILLAULT will not make the slightest perceptible difference in the projects and views of the EMPEROR.

#### AMERICA.

THE approaching State elections will test the strength of the Republican party in the North. On the whole, it seems probable that the supporters of the war, under various party names, will maintain their preponderance at least for the present year. The Republican managers wisely encourage all excuses for practical desertion from the hostile ranks. Union Leagues and Conventions of War Democrats evade the adoption of an unfamiliar title, and nevertheless are prepared to vote on the right side. Sometimes the Republican converts appear in the character of patriots who are prepared on the present occasion to vote irrespectively of party. There is, in fact, only a single issue to determine, and if clamour may be trusted, a great majority is bent on the subjugation of the South. There is no reason why the advocates of the war should refuse to support Mr. LINCOLN's Administration, especially as American institutions only allow of a periodical change of rulers. The serious opponents of the Government, though they may sometimes be only half-conscious of their own convictions, virtually desire the termination of the struggle, and are prepared to acquiesce in the necessary conditions of peace. The Constitution may perhaps have been as well worth fighting for as the Union, but it is impossible to restore the state of things which existed before the secession. The phrases in which the thorough-going Democrats conceal their opinions imply negotiations with the Southern Government for peaceable separation. It is difficult to believe that a party which scarcely ventures to understand itself can command a majority. At one time it seemed not improbable that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM might profit in Ohio by the unpopularity of the Government; but his name has since been associated with the triumph of the Confederacy, and the population which has calmly submitted to his exile will be strangely inconsistent in choosing him for the highest office in the State. The soldiers who are to vote in the field will probably display the edifying unanimity which recommends military constituencies to Governments with loyal armies under their command. If, after all, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM becomes Governor of Ohio, foreigners will be compelled once more to acknowledge that American politics are too mysterious for European understandings. The Confederates have, with singular candour, refrained from offering any aid to the efforts of the Northern Opposition. Their open anticipations of advantage from the party dissensions of their adversaries contribute to the influence of the Peace Democrats, as a supposed understanding with NAPOLEON might have promoted the popularity of Mr. FOX or LORD GREY. The South appears to be seriously bent on convincing friends as well as enemies that one of the greatest wars of ancient or modern times is not a mere episode in the ordinary contests of factions.

Although the Republicans and their casual allies may probably carry the principal State elections, it is far from certain that they will succeed twelve months hence in the choice of a President. Still less is there any reason to believe that the extreme section of the party has secured the predominance which is tacitly assumed by Mr. BEECHER as the foundation of his rhetorical apology for the war. A public meeting already prejudiced in favour of a special theory has little power of detecting the fallacies of a fluent and zealous orator, but perhaps even Exeter Hall may have once or twice been disturbed by a passing doubt whether Mr. BEECHER really represented the opinions or the position of Federal America. Even if the justice of a crusade against slavery were undisputed, it is still certain that the Abolitionists were three years ago an unpopular sect, which has not yet expanded into a nation. The leaders of the party were in the habit of constantly denouncing the Union which it has suddenly become a paramount and religious duty to perpetuate. Treason has prospered so abundantly that, instead of calling itself treason, it declaims against the traitors who oppose its pretensions. Warned with the cheers of his sympathizing audience, Mr. BEECHER professes an intention, to which he may possibly adhere for a time, of informing his countrymen that England is friendly to the Northern cause, and that it is therefore no longer necessary to profess extravagant devotion to Russia. Having done his utmost to provoke the unreasoning enmity of the North to England, Mr. BEECHER may perhaps be forgiven if he corrects his former malignant calumnies by more amiable counter-misrepresentations. It is nothing to a philanthropic demagogue that he has repeatedly demanded the best blood of England as an atonement for the offence offered to national vanity by the enforced surrender of Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL. To please Exeter Hall—which, with all its amiable weaknesses, is, after all, essentially English—Mr. BEECHER was not ashamed to applaud the national spirit which had been exhibited in the same matter of the *Trent*. The levity which would be disgraceful to a politician with a conscience must, perhaps, be tolerated in an agitator. Mr. BEECHER makes the best apology for political preachers and fanatics when he significantly hints that their ferocity is but the occasional disguise of their habitual benevolence. The Americans, he says, coquet with Russia, when New York is wild with enthusiasm because half-a-dozen vessels of the Imperial navy have entered the harbour, and when it is insinuated, in the course of the delicate flirtation, that the Russian squadron will, in concert with the Federal navy, sweep the English flag from the surface of the ocean. Mr. BEECHER himself took a personal part in the foolish celebration of the insult which Admiral WILKES had attempted to offer to England. He was one of the foremost in welcoming General BUTLER, who had made himself almost as conspicuous by his insolence to English residents in New Orleans as by his oppression of the unhappy natives. It now appears that the sentimental bluster of the war-philanthropists was but an indirect mode of expressing affection; and cold-blooded worldlings, who are accustomed to hold themselves responsible for words and acts, not unwillingly admit that their contempt has perhaps been too largely alloyed with indignation.

It is not difficult to persuade a crowded assembly of middle-class Englishmen that the North, after bearing for years with the evil of slavery against its will, is now engaged in a final and unanimous struggle for its annihilation; yet it is certain that the war is not carried on for the sake of the oppressed negro, although it will probably inflict a heavy blow on the Southern system of slavery. Since the beginning of the war, two or three North-Western States have passed laws to prohibit the immigration of negroes; and the New York rabble, when they had temporarily got possession of the city, directed their principal fury against the coloured inhabitants. A well-known member of Mr. LINCOLN's Cabinet lately declared, in a public speech, that the faction to which Mr. BEECHER belongs must be as severely repressed as the insurgents themselves. The Northern Americans ought to understand that Englishmen show a truer respect for their country when they regard it from without, than when they prematurely identify themselves with a party which may perhaps find itself in a minority. Mr. BEECHER may possibly express the present opinion of his own State; but only a few months since, Mr. SEYMOUR was elected Governor of New York, as the professed representative of the very principles which Exeter Hall is asked to anathematize and repudiate. Even if the ensuing elections show that a reaction has taken place in favour of the Republicans, it will not follow either that the prostration of the Democratic party is permanent, or that the Abolitionists control the policy of the dominant party. When the North



is of one mind as to the objects of the war, it will be time for foreigners to consider whether the enterprise of reconquering the Confederate States is practicable and just; and the military question is the more important of the two. The shouts of Exeter Hall will neither open the road to Richmond nor disperse the force which watches Chattanooga. Eighty or ninety years ago, excellent reasons might be urged for subduing the revolted colonies, but GEORGE III. and Lord NORTH have been condemned by posterity because they persisted in the attempt for three or four years after it had become hopeless. The old KING would have gladly adopted Mr. BEECHER's plan of giving free passes to the rebels if they would have betaken themselves to some distant country, and left him the undisputed sovereignty of his ancestral dominions. The passport, however, which is practically offered to the insurgents is directed to another world, nor, indeed, are Mr. BEECHER's friends anxious to conceal their desire for the literal extermination of their enemies. Whenever they count up their own losses by battle and by disease, they are accustomed to congratulate themselves that their teeming population can bear depletion, while they are killing off the able-bodied inhabitants of the South. Ordinary human nature, unsteered by philanthropy, shrinks from the bloodthirsty calculation.

The war pursues its course with little regard to argument or declamation. The attack on Charleston has recommenced, probably with augmented resources on the part of the besiegers, while the forces and the plans of General BEAUREGARD are altogether unknown. A part of the army of the Potomac is believed to have been detached to Tennessee, and it would seem, notwithstanding some reports to the contrary, that ROSENCRANZ is still strong enough to keep his long line of communication open for reinforcements and supplies. Confederate troops have more than once broken up the railway between Murfreesborough and Chattanooga, but no serious attempt on the Federal rear has yet been reported. As three weeks had elapsed after the battle of Chicamauga without serious operations on either side, it may be assumed that ROSENCRANZ could not prudently be attacked in his lines, and it was not to be expected that he would renew his advance towards the frontier of Georgia. If large reinforcements have reached him, he may perhaps seek another battle, but it is difficult to understand how he can have collected sufficient magazines to enable him permanently to hold Chattanooga without a decisive victory. Both Northern and Southern writers assert, with obvious exaggeration, that the object of the Federal campaign will have been attained if ROSENCRANZ succeeds in wintering in his present quarters. The metaphorical struggle between liberty and slavery is at present less interesting than the movements of ROSENCRANZ, of JOHNSTONE, of LEE, and of MEADE.

#### IRISH EMIGRATION.

THERE is no error which is more difficult to extirpate than that of regarding emigration as necessarily a cause of weakness. The "Irish Magistrate" who has been pouring forth his griefs and fears to the *Times* is the type of a class that was once predominant in England, and is even now not wholly silenced. The sight of crowds of able-bodied people consigning themselves to voluntary exile makes an impression upon the imagination which reflection cannot efface, and therefore a certain proportion of the lamentations upon this subject is wholly sentimental. But the greater part of the sorrow with which a row of departing labourers is contemplated may be referred more justly to the instincts of the employer. Very few people can see difficulties increasing round their own particular method of gaining a livelihood without inferring that the nation in general must be in a bad way. Nothing is more natural than for a landowner to look with distaste upon the spectacle of an emigrating peasantry, and to practise upon himself the harmless delusion of throwing his regrets into the form of a patriotic lamentation. The "Magistrate" is evidently a man who has examined the subject with care, and therefore has probably based his opinion upon wider grounds; but a large proportion of those who echo his opinions belong to the class who commence all their reasonings with the axiom that a rise in wages is a great public evil.

It is obvious that in any country emigration may be the symptom of evil, but can hardly, under ordinary circumstances, be the cause. If the conditions exist which drive a population to emigrate, the sooner they are gone the better. People will never leave their native land, and embark upon the risks of a new life, if they can get sufficient employment at home; and if they cannot, they do more harm than good by staying. It is better for all parties—for the nation they leave as well as for the

nation to which they go—that their labour should not be lost to the world; and therefore it is well that they should seek some place where they can be better employed, rather than remain where they must be idle. But in Ireland there are peculiar reasons for doubting whether the emigration which is taking place can be regarded as an evil. It seems very questionable whether any permanent amelioration in that country can be hoped for till the population inhabiting it has been more or less completely changed. The fault is not entirely, or perhaps mainly, chargeable to the present occupants of the soil. But their past history has left traditions among them which they shake off in crossing the ocean, and which new-comers need not inherit, but to which they cling obstinately as long as they live in their own homes. The chief portion of Ireland's present sufferings is traceable directly to the misdeeds of our own ancestors. Commercial restrictions, imposed purely for the benefit of English trade, had done their work so well that, at the beginning of the present century, Ireland was almost as destitute of accumulated capital as if she had been lying under the dominion of the Turks. Every portion of the political and commercial legislation forced by England upon Ireland had been so arranged that Ireland should produce nothing which could dangerously compete with the English producer, and that all the wealth she did produce should flow into English hands. Under any circumstances, it would have been difficult in half a century to repair the damage that had been done by so many centuries of misrule; but the vast wealth of modern England might have done much to re-fertilize the wasted land, if it had been suffered to flow in unchecked. Unhappily, the demoralization and animosity produced by unjust laws last for many generations after they are withdrawn, and the habits of thought that have been acquired by the Irish peasantry are as fatal to industrial enterprise as any English laws were in days of old. In calculating the probable profits of a venture, the capitalist has in most other cases to allow for hindrances of which he can, within certain limits, measure the force, or against which he can insure. He can tell the average fertility of a soil, or the average productiveness of a particular trade; and he can insure against the caprices of the waves and the sky. But in an Irish enterprise he has to allow for possible losses from a cause whose force is absolutely unknown, and against which there is no insurance—the caprices or the prejudices of the Irish peasant. He knows that his enterprise is liable to be stopped at any moment by a causeless strike among his workpeople; and if he ventures to live in the country, he knows that his own career may be cut short by an assassin hired to shoot him by any one who may have conceived a grudge against him. Capital will not flow uphill more than anything else; nor will the desire to turn to profit the boundless natural resources of Ireland struggle against such obstacles as these. No wonder, therefore, that, with an almost virgin soil, agriculture decays; or that, in spite of magnificent harbours and vast mineral wealth, commerce will not grow. Marsh lands cannot be drained, nor mills constructed, nor mines worked, without capital; and if capital had been repelled from Lincolnshire and Lancashire by the causes which are driving it from Ireland, they would have been now even as she is.

The question is, whether there is any chance of this temper of the peasantry being changed. If we measure the future by the past, the prospect is anything but encouraging. It is possible that some good might be done by a more severe administration of justice against murderers, and by some improvements in the land law. There would probably be fewer grudges against the landlord, and therefore fewer cases of assassination, if the extent to which landlord and tenant are to divide the expenses of the farm were more accurately ascertained at the commencement of every holding. A more effective machinery for the detection of the criminal might also do something to diminish a crime which is so ruinous in its consequences to the whole country. But the experience of the past justifies no sanguine anticipations from remedial measures either of conciliation or coercion. Both have been tried—the latter in abundance, and the former in no stinted measure, during recent years. But the figures quoted by the "Magistrate" show only too conclusively how powerless either has been to correct the crimes that drive capital away. Nothing seems capable of reforming the vicious public opinion which has formed itself among the Irish peasantry. It appears to be impossible to instil into them such a respect for human life as should induce them to hunt down a murderer as he is hunted down in England. He still looks upon it as his primary duty to help the criminal against the law, just as he did thirty years ago.

The only thing that, for the time, appeared to produce a marked effect upon the course of Irish poverty was the great famine, and the enormous emigration which was the consequence of it. Crime for the time ceased; capital poured in; and the prosperity of Ireland grew visibly and rapidly. During the last few years, whether under the influence of bad harvests, or from whatever other cause, the evil days have come back; and we appear to be in all points, material and moral, scarcely advanced beyond the period which immediately preceded the famine. The Irish race does not seem to be capable of shaking off the character which long centuries of Saxon tyranny has impressed upon it. The strange thing is that it does not cling to him when he leaves his native land. He has his faults and his virtues in other countries; but he does not carry with him the morality which permits him to shoot at his enemies from behind a hedge, or to take pleasure in those who do so. The tyranny of Ribbon Societies, or of overbearing parish priests, becomes equally distasteful to him. The old spell only retains its hold over him so long as he is living upon the old property, surrounded by the old associations, and having the objects of his traditional animosity continually before his eyes. Life in a new country is an education that makes a new man of him at once, and frees him from that slavish morality which is the unhappy inheritance that oppressed ancestors have had in their power to bequeath. And, as he goes, he leaves a place behind him to be filled up by a Scotchman or Englishman over whom the vicious tradition has no power.

It is difficult to lament an emigration which is equally beneficial to the emigrant and to the country from which he goes. It is not probable that Ireland can ever be really prosperous until the peasantry are intermingled, to a perceptible extent, with those of another race who have inherited a wholesome morality upon the subject of assassination. Such a result can only be brought about by a very considerable emigration. Of course, on constraint, or pressure bearing the faintest semblance of constraint, can be justly used to encourage such a movement. If the Irish showed any disinclination to leave their native land, the future of Ireland would indeed be hopeless. Happily, this difficulty is not superadded to the others that surround her destiny. The voluntary movement of the population is a subject of unmixed congratulation; for, while the void it produces can be advantageously filled up, the condition which awaits the emigrant is far more prosperous than that which he has left.

#### RUSSIA AND POLAND.

THE secret society which assumes the title of the National Government of Poland proves, by the power which it exercises and by the obedience which it enforces, that it is distinct from all similar organizations in other times and countries. The standing conspiracies which disturbed France under LOUIS-PHILIPPE, or prepared the way for the Italian Revolution, were comparatively scanty in numbers, and their influence was confined to their own associates. It appears that all Poland accepts the authority of the National Government, and a person as considerable as Prince CZARTORYSKI is content to act under its commission. The French Government has published in its official journal the elaborate apology of the leaders of the insurrection; and if the Russians had consented to the proposed armistice, it would have been necessary that England and Austria should recognise for the occasion a modified right of belligerency, by negotiating with the anonymous Committee. Much allowance must be made for the exigencies of an unequal contest, but the Polish Government has not succeeded in escaping from the inherent vices or defects of secrecy. Although it may be a hardship to be debarred from the open administration of justice, sentences delivered in the dark and executed by the dagger are scarcely distinguishable from assassination. Casuists might, indeed, without difficulty suggest plausible reasons for the punishment, by the only practicable methods, of spies and traitors. A Pole who can be found to betray his countrymen to Russian vengeance is an outlaw utterly undeserving of sympathy or pity, and the patriots naturally think that they have a right to disembarass themselves of his existence at the earliest opportunity. The Russian executions are more cruel and more capricious, and martial law, or the will of the general in command, is the mere expression of arbitrary force. Nevertheless, the national vengeance, even if it admits of moral palliation, is essentially impolitic. The power of life and death belongs to Governments visibly established, and the Poles would act wisely in submitting to one of the incidental consequences of their inability to make head against their enemies. Even the Russian generals are not more barbarous

in their judicial murders than the Committee of Public Safety, and yet the assassination of LEPELLETIER caused greater horror than the execution of hundreds of innocent victims by the Republican guillotine. The death of MARAT himself has scarcely been condoned by posterity, although CHARLOTTE CORDAY was, in a certain degree, executing a sentence which the conscience of mankind approved. It is highly probable that the spy BERTHOLDY deserved his fate, but his continued perfidy could scarcely have affected the Polish cause as injuriously as his irregular death. The National Government has shown its consciousness of the questionable nature of its acts by publishing an insufficient defence of its anomalous executions. An unprecedented position may excuse, but not justify, the exceptional character of judgments and punishments which are something more than anomalous. The atrocities practised by the Russians may be more culpable, but they are public, and they are avowed by a known and responsible Government.

The tyranny of the oppressors excites deeper feelings of indignation than the imprudent violence of the insurgents. The wanton recklessness of the Russian leaders is perhaps most conspicuously displayed in acts which are in themselves rather ludicrous than wicked. General MOURAVIEFF lately applied a part of the contributions which he had exacted from the Lithuanian landowners to the purchase of an image or picture of the Virgin for a church of the Greek Confession. As it is improbable that a Russian general of high rank should be really influenced by feelings of devotion, it is evident that the object of the proceeding was to insult the oppressed Catholics, and not to propitiate the inmates of the Orthodox Pantheon. If the Poles had been philosophically indifferent to the subsequent application of their plundered property, the local Panagia would never have been honoured with new effigies or decorations. The Russians appear to have laid aside the pretence of suppressing a partial rebellion. Their hostility is openly directed against the language and religion which they reasonably believe to be inconsistent with Russian domination. The condition of Warsaw is probably unprecedented, for the inhabitants of all ranks almost openly avow insurgent sympathies; and the army and police, in their turn, regard every Pole as an enemy. The decree which provides that every employer shall be responsible for the conduct of his workmen will apparently suppress the entire industry of the capital. The animosity which the Russian functionaries have uniformly displayed to the upper and middle classes is the most effective answer to the official charge of anarchical or revolutionary propensities. General BERG in Warsaw, like General SCHENCK in Baltimore, assumes, not without reason, that every person of respectable position is an enemy of the ruling power. Americans however, although they perversely applaud the Russian tyranny in Poland, have much to learn from the agents of a genuine despotism. Those among them who retain any national self-respect may boast that General BUTLER was long since superseded, while the Emperor ALEXANDER has publicly rewarded and adopted the crimes of MOURAVIEFF.

There is reason to believe that England, in concert with France and Austria, will denounce the stipulations of 1815 as avoided by the violation of the Russian engagements to Poland. It is possible that the menace may, on some future occasion, prove to be operative, but for the present it is useless as a warning, unless it is to be followed by the recognition of the Poles as belligerents. The Emperor of RUSSIA cares little for a parchment title which would become worthless on the day on which his armies were expelled from Poland. He holds the territories which were acquired in the successive partitions by right of possession, and he is satisfied that he has no process of ejectment to fear from England. As soon as the insurrection is suppressed, and even while it continues, the English Government must look to the reigning power to protect English subjects and property in Poland. Even an acknowledgment of the belligerent rights of the Poles would be merely verbal. There are no Polish *Alabamas* on the sea, nor are there any Polish ports to blockade. The Russians commit an outrage when they put their prisoners to death as rebels, but foreign Powers, until they become parties in the contest, can scarcely interfere with the conduct of a civil war. The Poles themselves demand the repudiation of the Treaty of Vienna, in the hope that they will be recognised as belligerents, and with the further object of inducing England or France to interfere more actively for their protection. The simple concession of their original demand will probably only lead to disappointment. France will be, in a certain sense, the gainer by the abolition of the system which was established at Vienna, as it may be



plausibly argued that all the remaining parts of the treaty must stand or fall together. The motives of Austria for accepting Lord RUSSELL's suggestion are not equally obvious. Galicia is held by the same title as the Kingdom of Poland, and the Russian Government might hereafter affect, like ALEXANDER I., a benevolent desire to reunite the provinces of the ancient monarchy. If the recent reports are well-founded, the communications which have passed among the different Governments may perhaps furnish some explanation of their policy which has not at present been anticipated. In general, it is better to abide by the rule of seeing whatever is visible, and of recognising Powers, not because they are rightful, but because they exist. The Confederate States are known as belligerents because they are engaged in a great war; and as soon as they achieve their independence, they will be admitted to the international courtesies which follow the establishment of sovereignties. The quarrel of the Poles is more undeniably just; but, unfortunately, every town and village in the kingdom is occupied by the troops of the oppressor.

It is not improbable that Russia may take the initiative by setting aside the provisions of Vienna, and incorporating Poland with the Empire. One or two districts have already, in violation of public law, been severed from the Kingdom to be annexed to the adjacent provinces. Such a measure would fully justify foreign interference; but England and France can scarcely rely on the clauses of a treaty which they are about to declare invalid. It is difficult to say whether the final abandonment of conciliation and hypocrisy will be disadvantageous to Poland. The nation has displayed a vitality which had not been appreciated in Europe, by maintaining its existence and its resolution through the despotic reign of NICHOLAS; and even if the present insurrection is suppressed, the tradition of independence will be handed down to successive generations. At some future time Russia may be engaged in a foreign war which will provide Poland with natural allies. In 1855, France was only half in earnest; England was hampered by the necessity of joint action; and Austria and Prussia were enabled by their neutral position to dictate the conditions of the war. It was unanimously agreed that the area of the struggle should be circumscribed, and that the Russian supremacy in Poland should not be disturbed. A failure before Sebastopol might, perhaps, have suggested the expediency of attacking the enemy at his most vulnerable point, but as soon as the French army had satisfied itself and its countrymen, the Emperor NAPOLEON was eager to withdraw from the contest without incurring embarrassing obligations. The next enemy of Russia will strike at the heart of the Empire by appealing to the Polish sentiment. When the opportunity occurs, it may perhaps be convenient to have previously disposed of the technical title by which the Kingdom of Poland has hitherto been held.

#### MR. STANSFELD'S MISSION.

AS becomes a nautical people, our talk of late has been of ships, almost to the exclusion of every other topic. Not a week passes without furnishing fresh materials for criticizing the iron-clad fleet which President LINCOLN has made so rapidly, and used to so little purpose; and almost daily we have fresh discussions about the mysterious Birkenhead rams. Even a Lord of the Admiralty would probably be sufficiently up in these favourite subjects of discourse to give a plausible reason why Admiral DAHLGREN does not go in and win at Charleston, and to hazard a bold guess at the upshot of the impending proceedings against Mr. LAIRD. But, after all, it concerns us much more nearly to know what is being done in our own dockyards, and the many Englishmen who think more about the British navy than about anything else in the world are anxiously inquiring when the life that is stirring everywhere else will begin to animate Portsmouth and Woolwich officials. The notable achievements of the summer are not very extensive. In the spring we were promised five new or converted iron-clads as the year's work, in return for the vast sums which were voted as freely as they were asked. It now seems that the finished work will not include more than two iron-clads at the most; and it is only too probable that the *Valiant*, which was designed in the old days when Sir J. PAKINGTON was reconstructing the British navy, will be the first and the last of the year's additions to our line-of-battle fleet. It is only fair to set against this gloomy prospect the great exertions made in other ways. The Channel Fleet has been feasting and dancing, and we hope earning

golden opinions, in some of the British and Irish ports; and Mr. STANSFELD has been doing the grand tour of the dockyards on a mission of inquiry into the unfathomable mysteries of Admiralty accounts and Admiralty work.

Mr. STANSFELD is in many respects a fortunate man. He was a Reformer and something more, and he finds himself in an office which gives greater scope for reforming genius than any other Ministerial department. The heterogeneous old Board has a sort of feeble organization of its own; and one of its leading traditions is, that the function of the Civil Lord is to put everything straight which baffles the powers of business of his naval colleagues. In the matter of accounts, and other much despised and neglected details connected with the expenditure of ten or twelve millions a year, the Junior Lord is supposed to be the light of the Board; and, if he happens to possess the requisite skill, he has probably the means of doing more to patch up the tumble-down system which is the delight of ex-First-Lords than any other man in the United Kingdom. When Mr. STANSFELD gained his appointment, he had had no public opportunity of proving his administrative capacity. He has his spurs to win, and if he brings to his work half the energy which he seemed to possess as an independent member, he has a golden opportunity for showing the stuff of which he is made. In his recent dockyard tour, he has been treading in the footsteps of a host of predecessors who have essayed, one after another, the arduous enterprise of getting the Admiralty into something like working order. If he is a man of capacity and mettle, he will be stimulated by the undeniable fact that every Junior Lord who has faced the difficulty before him has been utterly discomfited in his attempts to master it. If past experience is to guide us, we should say that fate has set Mr. STANSFELD a task of the most formidable kind; and though his earlier enthusiasm as a reformer may encourage hopeful anticipations, it is impossible to forget that Lord CLARENCE PAGET was once quite as sturdy a champion in the same good cause. The Board of Admiralty seems to be possessed of some wonderful Circean cup, which has the gift of transforming the most genuine of reformers into the most subtle of apologists; and until the fruits of Mr. STANSFELD's labours are known, his most ardent friends will scarcely feel assured of his power to resist the insidious charm. If there were anything really new to discover, there would be better ground for confidence, but the blot has been hit over and over again by Commissions and Committees; and it is matter of common knowledge—admitted by officials themselves, as though it were something inseparable from naval administration—that the Admiralty never knows what becomes of the money that it spends, that it cannot guess what a ship will cost, or tell beforehand whether twelve months' labour will turn out five ships or one. At the same time, there is a costly establishment for the sole purpose of keeping the accounts of the dockyards, which, as Lord CLARENCE PAGET annually assures us, will be able, the year after next, to label and ticket every item of expenditure, and to explain to the uttermost farthing where all the money goes which does not build the fleet. At this moment, France is not spending on her navy much more than half the amount of our Estimates; and, if American accounts are to be relied on, the enormous fleet which has been created by the Federal Government since the commencement of the war has not been more costly than the scanty additions which our navy has received during the same time. One admission has always been made by the most strenuous opponents of the Admiralty system. The little work that is done is done well. We have no doubt that the *Warrior* is the finest of iron-clads afloat, and we can easily believe that the *Royal Sovereign* will be in all respects superior to any one of the boasted Monitors. But a ship is not a fleet, and the *Royal Sovereign* is not yet near completion. Mere excellence in a few models might suffice if our only object was to try experiments for the benefit of the world; but the disproportion between the money spent and the results achieved is as great as it was in the days when the Board of Admiralty was first assailed, and it can never cease to be so until daylight is made to penetrate into the dockyards by the working of a searching and intelligible system of accounts. Before waste can be prevented, it must be known where, and when, and how it occurs. It must become impossible for entirely different totals to be arrived at (as they were on the last investigation) by referring to one or another set of books purporting to give the same information. The money expended on repairs must be distinguished from the outlay upon building, and it should no longer be possible for a Commission to report that the accounts of the naval departments are of no use except to show that no one in the service of the Admiralty knows anything whatever of the way in which the money disappears.

The work which Mr. STANSFELD has undertaken in introducing order into the accounts of the navy is not light, but a still more formidable task is before him if he seriously endeavours to reorganize the labour department. The experience to be gained from the constant employment of many thousands of artificers and labourers ought to have taught the Board something on the subject; but then Boards never learn, and the utter failure or absence of any attempt to grapple with the problem is proved by the helpless confession that several distinct and inconsistent modes of regulating pay and labour are kept up side by side because the Admiralty cannot make up its mind which is the least inefficient. If, after mastering the accounts, Mr. STANSFELD succeeds in tracing out the systems of day-pay and task and job work into their actual results, he will do more to give the decrepit Board a new lease of life than has been effected by all the clever management that has so often staved off the day of reconstruction. It seems to have been tacitly agreed (to judge by the abortive discussion of last Session) that the Board shall have one more chance of redeeming its character and rendering itself capable of effective work. Upon the fulfilment of the pledges of amendment which have been lavished so freely will depend, not only the ultimate organization of the naval administration, but the maintenance of a fleet adequate for national defence. The root of the evil lies hidden in the special departments which Mr. STANSFELD has undertaken to investigate; and if the success of his work should enable Lord CLARENCE PAGET, in his next annual statement, to refer to the past instead of the future, and to take his stand upon performance in lieu of promise, the Junior Lord will have vindicated the wisdom which promoted him from the independent benches. If he should unfortunately achieve nothing, he will but do as many have done before him, and he will have added one more failure to the long score which is recorded against the Board of Admiralty. But whether anything that can pass by the name of reform is or is not to result from the present investigation, it is absolutely essential that the various experimental ships now on the stocks should be pressed on with some approach to the activity displayed by other nations. Besides the improved specimens of the *Warrior* class which have been in hand for years, and the model turret ship which is to instruct or shame America, there are Mr. REED's partially-plated corvettes to be tried, and some larger vessels of his designing, intended by some ingenious contrivance to carry armour as effective as that of the *Achilles*, without displacing much more than half the bulk of water. It would be extremely advantageous to get some at least of these rival models finished before the next great European war; but, at the present rate of progress, no one in or out of the Admiralty seems to be able to guess when the experimental stage will have been so far completed as to justify the cautious constructors of the navy in beginning work on a scale commensurate with the requirements of the country. In preparation, no less than in actual war, it is well to remember the value of time—a lesson which it is to be feared the Admiralty will never learn.

#### MR. BEECHER ON POLITICAL MORALITY.

AS the first year of the American civil war is to the third, so is Bishop M'ILVAINE to Mr. HENRY BEECHER. The clerical emissaries who have been sent to advocate the Northern cause in England have deteriorated. The Evangelical Bishop's mission was, at the worst, but a silent failure; it simply collapsed from inanity. But the blazing preacher's lectures, though equally failing to address the English mind by argument, while they surpass in vulgarity and impudence the Bishop's milk-and-water apologies, perhaps more faithfully reflect the present aspect of the contest. The war has become more bloody, more embittered, more wicked, and Mr. BEECHER is quite worthy of the latter stage of his cause. To be sure, his speech at Exeter Hall on Tuesday evening owes something of its especial character to the associations of the place. It is only natural that a speaker on that familiar platform should reckon safely on the ignorance and prejudices of his hearers, but we should do even Mr. BEECHER injustice in supposing that he really believes that such a meeting can have the slightest value as a declaration of English opinion. It must have struck the orator that not a single man of name or position stood by him in London, and he cannot but have felt that, somehow or other, it could hardly be the cause of BROUGHAM and BUXTON and WILBERFORCE which was represented by Professor NEWMAN and Mr. NEWMAN HALL. It was Mr. BEECHER's last harangue, and he recapitulated in the capital what he had said

in the provinces. Attempting to give a differential character to his closing lecture—which, however, he failed to sustain—he descanted on the moral, as distinguished from the political and social and economical, benefits which would accrue to England from adopting the Northern cause. Well, then, to the moral virtues of the North let us go. Mr. BEECHER's theory of morals is curious. It seems that the North always disliked slavery and slave-holding, but, for politic reasons, and merely to keep the peace, it dissembled its righteous horror. Here we must, in the first place, observe upon a fallacy—we forget whether WHATELY mentions it—which consists in the misuse of the figure of impersonation. When we speak of the North doing this and the South doing that, the notion of two individuals, moral units and responsible persons, is intended to be conveyed; and very likely the intellect of Exeter Hall is imposed upon by this shallow sophism. But the truth is that, in this sense, there is not and never was a North and a South. If it is meant to say that either the leading statesmen or public opinion in the Northern States were, at the time of the Federal Union, or fifty years after it, or are even now, secret friends of Abolition, and could ever even have dreamed of Mr. LINCOLN's Emancipation proclamation, this is notoriously contrary to the fact. This alleged moral sense of the North is an equal fiction with the North itself. And, even supposing that there was this ideal North with its concealed hatred of slavery, the ideal is not one belonging to the highest form of morality. A man conniving at what he honestly believes to be desperate wickedness only for the sake of keeping the peace with sinners, and of being able to bluster more boldly and to crow more loudly at his neighbours with the aid and countenance of the said sinners, is hardly a lofty character. And yet this is what the North did. The North would not quarrel with the South, would not tell the South of its faults, would not expostulate with the South, because slavery was a State, and not a national institution. The North agreed to cast its national lot in with the South, though from the very first it knew that the Southern States, as States, were founded upon a wicked and abominable domestic policy. If these were really the sentiments pervading Northern statesmen at the time of the Federal Union, and present to the minds of the founders of Independence and the authors of the Federal Constitution, there is nothing to be said except that they present a picture of political wickedness without a parallel in history.

But Mr. BEECHER's whole account of the matter is as much a fiction as *Uncle Tom*. The founders of the Union cared very little about slavery; and an Abolitionist would have been as inconceivable to WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN as a President like Mr. LINCOLN. As population increased and the area of territory enlarged, as manufactures grew and commercial interests were developed, the North and the South—as respectively representing, not faint and timid virtue on the one side, and arrogant and ambitious vice on the other, but separate interests, and political wants and aims daily diverging—gradually came into existence. But this rise of North and South, and of their separate interests, was a work of time, and was the natural result of commercial and social causes. There was little morality in the matter but the morality of “enlightened selfishness.” It was for political interests that the Federation was first formed; and political interest loosened, and at last shattered, a bond which was never of the strongest. The North, from climate, natural laws, and economic causes, became a manufacturing, and the South an agricultural country. The North found in the South a good customer, and, being the only dealer, charged its own prices on the purchaser whom it shut out from the other markets of the world. In short, the North treated the South just as we treated, or are said to have treated, our colonies in GEORGE III.'s reign. We dealt with them just as we pleased, and we made them take our commodities at such prices as we chose to dictate. For this cause the American colonies delivered themselves from the yoke of the Mother-country, as the phrase is; and with equal reason the South separated from the North as soon as it was strong enough to do so. This is the sole morality involved on either side.

Mr. BEECHER goes on to assert that the North—that is to say, Mr. LINCOLN and his friends—are bound to vindicate the national majesty and imperial life by exterminating all the inhabitants of the South, just as we in England should be bound to put down a rebellion of the men of Kent; and he actually had the impudence—we cannot use a milder word—to say that Carolina or Georgia bears the same relation to the Union that an English county does to the English nation. He probably reckoned safely on the ignorance of his audience;



but we should have thought that, even in Exeter Hall, the phrase State-rights had been heard of, and that even to Mr. NEWMAN HALL's congregation the term Confederation would convey some notion different from that of a nation or monarchy in the European sense. Mr. BEECHER is not, as he elegantly expresses it, "well posted" in our affairs; and, as he considers the political condition of a Southern State exactly equivalent to that of the county of Kent, he probably thinks that gavelkind means the appointment by the men of Kent of their own governor and judges. But even Mr. BEECHER might have remembered, before he instituted this comparison between an English county and the aggregate Confederate States with their millions of inhabitants, and a territory more than equal to that of several European kingdoms, that he had, only a few minutes before, admitted that each State had "an undivided sovereignty."

There is one more moral excellence which Mr. BEECHER claims for the North. It is that of the loftiest and truest patriotism. The Southern territory, he says, belongs to the North; let the Southerners go by all means, but let them leave their land behind them. The territory is a sacred trust committed to the guardianship of Mr. LINCOLN and his Cabinet, and they are bound to keep it by the hallowed ministry of famine, fire, and slaughter till the last rebel is exterminated from "the territory that is ours." Strange doctrine this to be vindicated on moral grounds; stranger still to be announced by a man who calls himself a minister of the gospel of peace and charity; strange to be thundered into the ears of an audience meeting in a hall which writes "love of the brethren" over its portals. But strangest of all is it that any rational being should suppose that such an argument would avail with a people who gave every moral support to the Neapolitan rebels, and who are at this very moment half disposed to aid the Polish rebels, who established the Belgian throne on the basis of a successful rebellion, and who joyfully recognised those South American States which only claimed the same freedom that the Confederate rebels are fighting for. Russia may bluster, with Mr. BEECHER, and may say of Poland, "the territory is ours." Austria may say of Hungary or Venice, "the territory is ours." Holland, and Turkey, and Portugal, and Spain have said, "the territory is ours." But the answer of England was not, and is not, to bid the oppressor Godspeed, or even to give moral sympathy to the doctrine that it is the duty of an Imperial State to coerce by the sword a reluctant and unwilling population. The nation which has just cheerfully surrendered the Ionian Islands, and which is perfectly ready and willing to give up any and every colony and dependency of the English Crown as soon as it chooses to believe, or to fancy, that it is strong enough to walk alone, and to go to destruction or to prosperity its "ain gait," is hardly likely to be influenced by this recommendation of the duties of despotism. And as Mr. BEECHER assumed, on this occasion at least, the part of a moral teacher, we in our turn must deliver an ethical lecture. We cannot see the morality of a war carried on avowedly for conquest and empire. We fail to understand the morality of a contest in which war contractors and gamblers are the only gainers. We scarcely appreciate the morality of a war which drains the best blood of half a continent, and fills the happy homes of our own kinsmen with mourning and weeping; for it is an actual fact, though one which Mr. BEECHER seems to forget, that the men of Carolina are quite as much of our own blood as the men of Massachusetts, and perhaps more so. We are slow to perceive that the cause of human freedom is much furthered by the continuance of a state of things in which military tyranny interferes with the judicial tribunals, the freedom of the press, liberty of speech, and the right of open deliberation. We cannot as yet be got to feel that martial law is a good exchange for the Habeas Corpus Act. On moral grounds, then, the Northern cause does not recommend itself to us. Nor do the Northern men seem to us to be exactly the models of saints. Mr. SEWARD is a braggart, and Mr. SUMNER scarcely truthful. The Republican PRESIDENT may be, in Mr. BEECHER's opinion, "a true, honest, religious, and conscientious magistrate;" but, just as gold may be bought too dear, we are perverse enough to think that an Aceldama of blood, and a flood of injustice, confiscation, murder, rapine, and lust, poured over a whole continent, even in the interests of morality, is a very high price to pay for that burning and shining light, that epitome of truth, honesty, religion, and conscientiousness—that model of all that is pure and decent in daily speech and high-minded in action—known as Mr. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

## LACK OF MATTER.

ONE of the chief speakers at the Essex Agricultural dinner gave his hearers a very frank and ingenuous account of the difficulty a member of Parliament felt in addressing his constituents without having anything to say. He also revealed the suggestions which he had himself made to his friends who foresaw that they might be grieved for lack of matter, and the reception his suggestions had met with. He had proposed that one speaker should touch on the American war, and was told that his friend had already been talking about America for three years, and that all who knew him were very tired of his remarks. He then suggested that the orator should simply abuse Mr. Gladstone, but, for a wonder, this brilliant proposition was not received as it should have been. It fell on the stony ground of an honest heart, and it deserves to be recorded that an agricultural magnate actually declined to abuse Mr. Gladstone for no better reason than that Mr. Gladstone had done nothing to call for abuse. The prompter could then think of nothing but the malt tax, which is a very safe, if a dreary, subject, and in Essex has a local interest. We like the narrative, because it puts very clearly before us the three chief resources to which all persons apprehensive or conscious of lack of matter betake themselves. Every one, or almost every one, is sometimes short of something to say, and every one adopts the same arts. Those who do not speak or write for the public have at least to discharge the duty of private conversation, and no Englishman always knows what to say to other Englishmen; but if he makes a dash and says anything rather than keep silence, he is tolerably sure to do what the wise Essex adviser suggested. First, he breaks off with the standing platitude of the day or season. He remarks that it is fine or wet, or not so very fine or not so very wet. Then, if things still hang heavy, he abuses somebody whom it is safe to abuse, such as the railway authorities, or the parish poor, or his own servants. Lastly, if conversation still hangs fire, he gets upon some very special and local topic of common interest, and talks of hay, or turnips, or the state of the roads. These things must be done, and no one who has honestly set himself to overcome the horrors of a flagging conversation by such simple devices need be ashamed of what he has done. He has administered to a social want, and he has done it in the only practicable way. There are times when speaking and writing must go on, and not to go on is worse than any poverty in what is said or written. Society owes some gratitude to those who can fill up this gap decently.

Perhaps those who are not accustomed to consider the circumstances under which public writing and public speaking must often necessarily be done cannot readily conceive how often the lack of matter has to be met and overcome. There are many occasions when it is most proper that something should be said or written, but when there is little to say, and what there is to say is quite obvious. It is then that a good speaker or writer comes out. His art teaches him how to make his little cruise of oil last him out for sentence after sentence. There is no difference which so distinctly divides the young artist from the mature one as the rapidity with which the former, when he has little to say, gets through it at once; while the latter, without ever sinking into mere verbiage, seems always to have a fresh reason for going on a little further, and so makes his speech or composition last the requisite length. Eminent statesmen are often called on to show their skill in this way. The occasion is one of importance to those concerned, they themselves lend importance to it, and yet there may very possibly be next to nothing to say about it. If Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby gives away the prizes at a school, or lays the foundation of an asylum, there is nothing new to be said, probably, about the education given or the charity established. Two or three minutes would be quite enough for all that it would be natural to the untutored orator to say. But not even the most fanatical admirer of the Silences and the Eternities would really wish, when people have been excited for a fortnight by the news of Lord Palmerston's coming, and a great deal of money has been spent on red baize, and even the least boy who is to get a prize has worked himself into the belief that he will be a person of European fame when the Premier has presented him with a book, that then the great man should appear, and get his speech over in two or three minutes. Lord Palmerston knows his duty a great deal better. He is up to all the resources of the Essex counsellor. He can go on even about the American war, and can repeat what everybody knows so that every one is delighted to hear it. He will then abuse somebody judiciously—not, of course, Mr. Gladstone, for decency would forbid that, but the enemies of England, or some educational vice, such as sloth or an inordinate love of toffy; and then he will wind up with something local and personal, and intimate, perhaps, that the little boys at Southampton, or Ringwood, or Romney, or wherever he may be speaking, are the nicest and most promising little boys he has met with for some time, and are all remarkably like their mammas. The same skill has often to be shown in writing. There are many public occasions when something appropriate must be said, but yet there is very little to say. The Queen, for example, does something that pleases everybody, or there is a royal marriage or birth. An article must be written to commemorate or dwell on the event; and yet, if the event were just stated, and a line followed to say that everybody was glad to hear of it, all would have been expressed, probably, that there was really to say. But the accomplished writer treats the matter in such a way as to give it the prominence he thinks it deserves, and dwells on it at length, and

throws in a little moralizing, so as to seem to fill up the space assigned him in a natural and easy and even instructive way. A performance of this kind gives great pleasure, and excites great admiration, when it is judged by those who understand the conditions under which it was written, and can appreciate the art displayed, although most readers might pass it hastily by, as only saying what everybody knows and thinks.

There are, again, persons in a more private sphere who are expected or desired by the public to go on, even when troubled with a lack of matter, and great indulgence should be shown to men thus driven forwards as if by an irresistible necessity. Clergymen, for example, are expected to have a fresh sermon ready every Sunday. It is to be of a prescribed length, and to detain the congregation during a proper and decent space of time. We all know how the ordinary clergyman meets the demand. He has half an hour's sermon to fill up, and very little to say. For the first ten minutes he manages pretty well, and what with reading the verses that come before the text, and then those that come after, and so putting it in exactly its right place, and what with reproducing those obvious thoughts on the subject that may be found in any commentary, he gets on very comfortably. But then he begins to be aware of a lack of matter. He can, however, turn his barrel-organ, and he goes through the process of what he calls viewing the matter in another light. That is, he says the same thing over again in slightly different words. So twenty minutes slip by, and then for the last ten minutes he makes, as he says, a practical application. By a pleasant fiction the congregation are supposed, during all the preceding part of the discourse, to have imagined that all this instruction concerned some wholly remote and absent set of people, such as the Jews or the Egyptians, or Europe in the last century, or their neighbours in the next parish. The preacher is therefore able, with considerable effect, to assure them during the last ten minutes that this is a mistake, and that it all applies to them; and so the barrel-organ is once more turned, and the familiar tune played for the third time, while the keener attention with which it is now heard gives it, as is not unreasonably hoped, an air of novelty. In the same way a favourite writer is often called on by the public to go on writing long after he knows he has nothing more to say. Novelists especially are not willingly permitted to repose. They must invent more comic characters, and weave together new incidents, or else the public thinks itself aggrieved; whereas, if they will but go on, the public is delighted, and showers gold into their lap. Persons exposed to this sort of tax on their strength ought to be most leniently judged. The popular writer who overwrites himself is under a great temptation to do so; and the clergyman who discourses over and over again on the same theme until his half-hour is up is only fulfilling a duty, and bearing a burden which an inexorable public casts on him. He has to do it, and this is the only way in which he can do it; and he finds that a certain number of people like the performance, and that every one would censure him if he did not go on for the prescribed time; and even the most impatient critics would think it irreverent and indecorous if, at the end of two or three minutes, he were to stop short and own that he had nothing more to say. So he goes on, and a friendly veil of gentle acquiescence should be thrown over all that there may be of failure in his efforts to satisfy us.

But while we think that there is very much to admire in the address with which accomplished artists apply themselves to meet a lack of matter, and while we consider it to be absurdly unfair that the public should make an ordinary clergyman produce half an hour of original discourse every week and then scoff at him because he goes over his ground again and again, we cannot endure that people should actually be proud of having no matter to offer us, or that they should call on us to admire the composition which they have produced under disadvantages that we own constitute a good claim to our indulgence. The Americans have invented a singular machinery for going on about nothing, and any American orator will speak fluently for hours without any matter at all; and American statesmen, as Mr. Seward shows, will go on, paragraph after paragraph, putting into verbose inflated language what the unadorned English tongue is quite capable of condensing into half-a-dozen sentences. This is not art; there is no triumph in this flux of empty words; and its very fluency is an offence to sensible Englishmen, who, as Mr. Hawthorne justly remarks, would much rather hear a public speaker hesitate and almost break down than go on glibly and unceasingly, without any thought, or power, or knowledge. The House of Commons has no greater merit than that of putting down fluent, wordy, provincial orators, whenever such men delude electors into returning them. So, again, while we acknowledge that sermons, or the overflowing works of popular novelists, ought not to be judged by their intrinsic merits alone, but in reference to the demands which the preacher or the writer has found himself called on to meet, we protest against this indulgence being confused with admiration. It is too bad, when we have schooled ourselves to see sermons in a philosophic light, that the preacher should seem, as he often seems, to take it for granted that we thought the sermon very valuable and original, and that no one could possibly notice the adroit way in which the barrel-organ was turned round and round. We can comprehend the advantage of having a sermon made to last a certain length; we can understand that a good man speaking of good things may be profitable even when he is wearisome; we admit that uneducated people like a certain amount of iteration; but we must reserve to ourselves the exercise of our common sense, and cannot shake off

our perception of the real nature of the composition. So, again, it is very unfair when popular novelists are not satisfied with a good-humoured acknowledgment of the temptations they are under to sell as many books as they can, but are angry at their books being pronounced of unequal merit, and think that it is the mean jealousy of their critic which detects the signs of overwriting. Lack of matter may often be very pardonable, but it is of no use pretending that it does not exist when its existence must be obvious to any one who is a little accustomed to notice and reflect on the kind of performance offered.

#### UNCRITICAL READERS.

WE may be intimate with people, we may have a hundred points in common with them, experience may have taught us to defer to their superior knowledge and quicker perception, and yet we may be surprised at last to find ourselves on unknown ground when we come to talk with them about books. It is not that there is a mere difference of taste and of views, for the foregone knowledge of each other's minds will have prepared both parties for some divergence. The surprise comes with the discovery that our friend stands in an unexpected relation to the books he reads—that his mind does not work upon books as we know it to do upon life and nature, nor his intellectual powers find in them the same exercise or nourishment which more genial matter supplies; and we are thus awakened to the defective sympathy which exists between certain minds and books. If authors came before such persons in bodily shape, acting and talking, their merits, faults, and peculiarities would be met by a practised discernment; but, putting themselves into books, they are hid and disguised altogether. The author is not seen at all, and his work makes but a vague or an exaggerated or a false impression. In some way or other, it is not entered into.

It is so much the thing now for every one in general society to be able to talk about the books of the day with an air of discrimination, and to use the language of praise and censure in a form implying some comprehension of the relation between a writer and his book, that one might sometimes suppose that everybody was critical, and knew not only what makes a book good or bad, but how books grow out of an author's mind—so easily and unconsciously do we all repeat what we hear, fall into the vein of thought most familiar to our ears, and say what we are expected to say. But if one gets into a set not even professing to be literary, and hears people talk of books whose intellectual activities have gone out in another line—whether a philanthropic, religious, political, domestic, or pleasure-taking direction—so that society has given them no hints of what they are to say and think of the works that come in their way, it soon becomes apparent that the critical faculty, even in its most elementary undeveloped stage, is by no means universal. There are still a great many persons, some of them very clever ones, in this reading age, who are perfectly in the dark as to how books are written, who read them without any curiosity concerning their authorship, who regard them as things for which nobody is responsible, who will go through the contents of a circulating library with no more inquiry how the books came there than how the flints by the way-side came to be what and where they are. Not only may people who really like reading be in this state of mind, but many of the greatest readers, if we judge by the number of pages turned over in a day or year, are so. If they have not heard others talk, they have nothing to say. In their natural unaffected state, they have no inkling of the sort of thing expected from them. The book does not rank in their minds among human efforts, nor has in it the interest of human labour and achievement. A vast proportion of novel-readers care less to know who wrote the books they read than to know the shops that have supplied the food they eat and the clothes they wear.

We take it to be inseparable from the attitude of criticism to trace the thing that interests us to some agent—to connect it, if possible, with the mind that wrought it out. The critic cannot listen to music in a comfortable frame till he knows something about the composer. The composition must be characteristic of some combination of heart and intellect; it must be seasoned with humanity, it must have a history, before he can praise or blame, or give himself up to its influences with perfect satisfaction. We need not ask now why it is so, as we are concerned with those who recognise no such needs or impulses—indeed, who would consider it a presumption on their part to assume the critical posture. Persons—and we have noticed this particularly in women—who say very distinctly that they detest and hate a book would feel it to be conceded to analyse it and seek out the reason why. To identify a man with his book, to take him to task, to measure the scale of his powers, to pronounce upon his deficiencies and errors, would seem to them a more arrogant proceeding than summarily to condemn in the lump so many pages of printed matter, in whatever terms of contumely and disparagement. If they have humour, they will be amusing in their evasions and disclaimers; but a discussion of any nicety as to the grounds and causes of their condemnation is quite out of their line, and they cannot be drawn into it. We see this sometimes even in those who assume the place of the critic, and affect his office. Many a review is simply a statement of liking and disliking, without reason alleged or grounds given. The book is merely a peg for remarks more or less relevant. Whenever Sydney Smith criticised, it was in this vein. Thus he decided that *Granby* must be a good novel because it produced certain effects upon the reader—because it made him too late



in dressing for dinner, impatient, inattentive, and incapable (while it lasted) of reading Hallam's *Middle Ages*, or extracting the root of an impossible quantity; but the causes that made *Granby* interesting, and Hallam's *Middle Ages* dull, he did not care to inquire into. He let his reader know, in a diverting way, that one book suited his turn and fancy, and that another did not; but he never committed himself to a reason. And no doubt such an opinion from a superior man is better worth having than the careful criticisms of a small pedantic mind; but it is not criticism, and he who likes and dislikes on deliberate conscious grounds has a faculty which the other is without, and which, in spite of the glibness with which coteries discuss books, is wanting to a vast number of minds. Even a child, if it possesses the critical faculty, unconsciously regards a book as a work of art, and distinguishes between the subject and the performance, which a good many persons never do as long as they live; and this difference will largely influence the choice of books. For instance, a boy of twelve meets with Addison's *Spectator*. If he has the gift of recognising an author when he comes in the way of one—if he can be so far caught by justness of thought, delicacy of humour, and eloquence and grace of expression that these will secure attention and interest apart from the immediate attraction of the subject—then he is an embryo critic; and though, of course, it does not do to draw an opposite conclusion from the fact that at an early age the whole thing is alien to him, and takes no hold on thought or fancy, yet, in so far as he manifests distaste for a book written in a charming style and perfect in its way, he gives no promise of future discernment in the matter of execution. It is true that criticism should exercise itself on the nature and fitness of the subject as well as on the way in which it is worked out, yet the execution is the more common field for its exercise. Thus it is generally for want of the critical faculty that the crowd in a picture-gallery gathers round the most showy and sentimental subjects, and passes by simple or homely scenes of nature and life which are admirable for the painter's close and imaginative rendering of them—for his having caught all the points of truth and beauty which the subject presents to a keen comprehensive observation, and worked them out with the whole skill of his art.

Still we have a respect for all people who boldly admire what pleases them. It is a finer position than waiting to be told what they are to like; and it is therefore pleasant and instructive to see an ardent uncritical mind, endowed with perpetual youth, in unsophisticated action. This may be best seen, where books are concerned, when eyes and attention are glued to the pages of a novel. The novel is more likely than not to be, in the judgment of critics, a very bad one—probably beneath criticism, except that it tells a story with at least an affectation of force and spirit. It is almost necessary that it should be at variance with the actual experience of the reader—for what is familiar is mistaken for commonplace—and that the plot should be worked out in defiance of the laws of probability, or there will be a sense of flatness, triviality, or deficiency of moral. Nevertheless, under these conditions, given a proper amount of incident, the reader is rapt into an illusion of reality far beyond what the critic is capable of who never quite forgets that he is engaged upon somebody's performance. The question of truth and nature can find no place when the characters are never regarded as an author's creations, but as so many real actors and sufferers, to be judged by the reader's moral and intellectual standard, and not by the test of consistency to a preconceived ideal. Even the anger of simple readers of this sort never reaches the author, but is all expended on the puppets which his pen has set in motion. All this might seem to be the best and highest praise, but that, in fact, it is never bestowed on the highest desert. There is always something in a capital performance which exempts it from this ruder form of appreciation; and this something is probably a close representation of familiar life, so full and true that the reader can see no merit in it, being possessed by the notion that what everybody may see everybody does see, and therefore everybody might draw if he took the trouble—not to add that it is so dull to meet in a book precisely the same company we see every day. We have heard readers of this class regret that there is so much that is low in Walter Scott. They take no interest in *Adam Bede*, because the people are common, and talk a dialect; and they despise Miss Austen's nice variety of fools because they are so foolish, and are therefore unworthy an author's pains. In fact, it is a distinct class of minds altogether that value a book because the writer undertakes to do a thing and does it well—because its pages show an observation more than commonly acute, exercised on real life and everyday humanity. The majority neither care for the study itself nor for the performance. It is no more amusing to be let into the hidden sources of folly, selfishness, and prejudice than to be subject to the real manifestations of these qualities. A character does not mean with them anything natural or probable, but an agency to work out the plot in an exciting way. They never think of the execution, and are no judges of it, except as everybody is a judge whether a scene is tame or forcible; for mere dulness is an intelligible quality to all the world. If ever a work of genius is admitted into these readers' highest favour, it will be because it is tinctured by mannerisms and extravagance which effectually remove it from the world they know and the life of their own experience.

But, critical or not, these absorbed and simple readers are vastly superior in the higher forms of intelligence to the vulgar notion of a critic, which simply means a fault-finder—to the man

whom nothing pleases, who only realizes an author as something to be worried, and who sets himself to pick holes and turn every thought and sentence the wrong side out. Some fall into this habit from satiety. They have lost the power of reading, from overwork, or fretfulness, and general failure of sympathy. But it is more commonly the mark of a narrow sharpness puffed into conceit by a defective education—the sharpness that can hit upon blemishes, but is blind to merits and beauties, and never forgets itself so far as to be lost in a new view or thought, or carried away by another man's imagination. Next to this sour, one-sided form of popular criticism comes the domestic and prejudiced, where one mind, really or professedly critical, rules the household, and all contentedly bow to one dictum. Nothing shows more the rarity of a real, independent, critical exercise of mind than the docility with which a dozen people will take all their opinions of books, for praise or blame, from one—adopting or renouncing poets, historians, novelists without a question, and regulating their interest at the word of command. And one sees this amongst professed lovers of books, who can quote Tennyson or Wordsworth according as either poet occupies the niche of honour, and who will have reasons for their preference which might pass for the results of thought only that every word and turn can be traced to a dictator. The ears of one whole circle will be charmed with the march of Macaulay's or Kingslake's sentences, while those of another will detect mannerism in every line. One set will have pronounced *Hiawatha* an insult to the public understanding, while another will have welcomed it as a new sensation; and we might wonder at the unanimity in each case till experience shows us who gives the cue, and we perceive that each judgment instinctively suspends its action till the voice has spoken—just as, years back, before they got used to such things, the people of Hereford waited to know whether they had felt the shock of an earthquake till the *Times* arrived next morning. When these obedient followers own at all a wilful or eccentric leadership, it is wonderful what names become household words—what out-of-the-way, or commonplace, or elsewhere-forgotten authors are the authorities to whom all bow. Nor does this deference belong only to half-taught, out-of-the-world societies, though there it is seen in its purest simplicity. There is no set so highly trained but it broadly betrays the uncritical temper in its readiness to accept another's judgment, and its submission of understanding, taste, and feeling to another's dictation or to a prejudice. Thus, at Lord Holland's, it used to be the fashion to cry down Sir Walter Scott. When the outer world was entranced by his genius, a promiscuous crowd of visitors took one and the same line of depreciation towards *Guy Mannering*, or *Ivanhoe*, or whatever it might be, till the more sturdy wit of the company, whose sensations were not quite under the same control, was fain to utter his protest:—"At Holland House Scott's new novel is much run down. I dare not oppose my opinion to such an essay or proof-house, but it made me cry and laugh very often, and I was very sorry when it was over, and so in conscience I cannot call it dull."

Blind faith in authors, as such, is another form of the uncritical temper. There are people who think an author is an author, and look up to him as such, irrespective of his book. We meet with them sometimes, and we read of them much oftener, for perhaps this amiable and engaging weakness is a little dying out. Of course the attitude of worship is incompatible with criticism. When once we sit in judgment on a book, and presume to determine its merits and its defects, we realize the fact of the writer being our own flesh and blood, not the fair image on a pedestal that an implicit faith in type makes him. This unquestioning reverence is a good frame for the young, in whom conscious criticism is often impertinent, and even odious; but it is servile as some people manage it, bestowing it as they do on unworthy objects, and bowing down to mere shams and the flimsiest idols. But, as we have said, the times do not encourage any reverence for learning and authorship that holds the gazer aloof. We have to assert the rarity of real critical power, or even of the critical turn of mind, against appearances, which in well-bred circles are, we own, dead against us. Criticism used to be a distinct profession, and the poet only had to complain that—

Every critic can devour  
My works and me in half an hour.

But now any young lady who reads the reviews, and knows the importance of having something to say, can do the business with a despatch and decision which leaves the critic far behind. The only thing is that, whenever people assert opinions with ultra readiness, we have learnt to take it as a sign that their opinions are none of their own forming, but borrowed straight, and probably verbatim, from somebody else.

#### FRIEND'S FRIENDS.

THERE is no relation more peculiar than that in which a man stands to his friend's friends. It is the exact opposite of that which in great cities usually exists between a man and his next-door neighbours. The latter are among the most familiar objects of your daily life, but, except by sight, you know nothing of them. You see them coming in and going out, but, constant as are your encounters, two different worlds, to all intents and purposes, lie on each side of the partition-wall which separates their drawing-room from yours. Your friend's friends, on the contrary, you may never even have seen, and may yet know intimately. So far as

personal acquaintance is concerned, they are a mere abstraction; and yet, if there be something about them to excite your interest, you may, at different times and through different channels, be silently accumulating a mass of evidence about their characters and dispositions, until you feel that you know Pylades almost as well as Orestes does. Friendship, like relationship, has its table of degrees; and these friendships once removed have something about them of the piquancy of an incognito. In this silent and unsuspected study of character there is the same sort of pleasure that is found, if fairy-tales are to be credited, in wearing an invisible cap, or wandering about, like Haroun Alraschid, at night in disguise, or in any other way gratifying the innate desire of the human bosom to peep at people unobserved. Casual expressions, dropped in a letter or a conversation, are a sort of *trou-judas*, affording many a glimpse of persons who little think they are at the time the objects of any scrutiny. Those who are thus known to you only through another, at once strangers and familiar, are acquaintances as incorporeal as the characters of a novel. You note their qualities and trace their fortunes much as you do those of an imaginary hero or heroine. But they differ from mere creations of fancy in the possibility which always exists of their passing some day from the region of the ideal into that of the real, and becoming personally known and loved.

One of the chief reasons for feeling a curiosity about your friend's friends is that they furnish the best possible illustration of your own friend's character. The view which one person takes of another is necessarily partial and limited. It is modified and determined by a thousand different circumstances. It is a common fallacy to suppose that between friends there must be on all points an identity of likings and dislikes, and that with any agreement short of this friendship cannot consist. Every-day experience shows that it can, and generally does, consist with much less. One point of sympathy, one common taste, will support a friendship between two persons otherwise widely different. No two natures could have been more unlike than those of the worthy and ponderous Dr. Johnson and his brilliant and dissolute contemporary, Beauclerk. One link alone held them together—a common love of literature—and outweighed all other dissimilarities. A warm and sincere regard is often based on nothing more solid than a community of crotchets or whims—a common belief in the water-cure, a common admiration for a particular preacher, a common passion for old china, or love of the same dish. The virtuous man is parted from the vicious by a moral abyss, but it is curious to notice how often the gulf is bridged by a common taste for Elzevir editions and old Wedgwood. Minor affinities often create a tie capable of bearing the strain of great moral and intellectual discrepancies. There are, of course, friendships founded on a larger view and a deeper appreciation of character. But, out of Germany, they are rare. In friendship, as in trade, the principle of limited liability is generally recognised. A man of the world as little thinks of concentrating all his sympathies upon one friend as of risking his whole capital in one commercial venture. He is quite content to parcel them out among many—to resolve, as it were, into its chief elements the complex whole of his thoughts, tastes, and yearnings, and obtain a separate outlet for each. One man he meets on the ground of art alone. To another he is attracted solely by political affinities. To a third he is drawn by the mesmeric force of religious sympathy. The materials for friendship lie broadcast around every man, and are seldom to be found, as it were, all in one block. It is only by an eclectic process that they can be brought together and disposed in such combinations as to soothe and sweeten life.

The two parties to a friendship resemble the two parties to a bargain—each possesses a commodity which the other is anxious to obtain. Take, for example, the intimacy which often springs up between a young girl and an old woman. What is this but an exchange of enthusiasm for experience, prospect for retrospect, freshness for maturity, springtide hopes for autumnal regrets? Youth has something to offer which has a special charm for age. Age has it in its power to gratify the strong curiosity of youth. Each can supply that for which the other yearns, and upon the sympathy on a particular point thus exchanged the whole friendship hangs. A single fact—the disparity of years—is the connecting link. But sympathy on one point by no means implies sympathy on all. If the majority of friendships are founded on a partial view of character—if they deal, not with the whole man, but with some part of him only, some one gift or quality which he may possess, or some accident even of his birth or training—it is evident that the dearest friends may have but an approximate notion of each other's real character. Some salient feature only is brought out into strong relief, just as in a storm at night some particular eminence or building is lit up by a sudden flash, while the rest of the landscape is all obscurity. The condition of most friendships is this—to know intimately the tenth-part of a man, and to be utterly ignorant of the other nine-tenths. But there are others who may have had opportunities for observing him from a point of view wholly different from yours. Here, then, it is that you may learn much from your friend's friends. The point of contact between you and a certain person may be metaphysics—between him and some one else, music. You recognise your friend only in abstruse speculations about the origin of evil or the immortality of the soul. You have never contemplated him from his musical side, and his passionate fondness, therefore, for Auber and Rossini comes

upon you with the force of a new revelation. How interesting to know that the man whom you have learnt to associate almost exclusively with Aristotle or Plato was last autumn a constant and enthusiastic frequenter of the Opera Comique! What a new light it sheds on his character to find that he likes the company of one who has never heard of the Republic, or the Ethics, or Bishop Butler, or Paley, or Mill, and whose talk is wholly about Meyerbeer's long-promised *Africaine*, and Gounod's *Faust*, and Titiens and Patti, and all the flying rumours of the *coulisses*! Or you may chance to number among your friends a man of the dry official type. You live whole years, and you might live centuries, without making the discovery that he has tastes which belong to a man of a totally different stamp. But he happens to have an old schoolfellow and contemporary in a Leicestershire squire, who casually informs you that your solemn friend is a first-rate man across country. The same man who cannot give a deputation a straightforward answer is prompt and bold in the hunting-field, and possesses an amount of vigour and manliness with which you never credited him. What a pleasant surprise, and with what different eyes will you regard him when you next visit the purlieus of Whitehall! Or there may be some fair votary of fashion, whom you have never seen except as a brilliant butterfly, fluttering over the gay parterres of Belgrave and May Fair. After setting her down as an irreclaimable worldling, accident may reveal to you a mine of unsuspected good in her character. The faults as well as the virtues of friends are often brought to light by the same roundabout process. The meanness which is successfully concealed from one man is unconsciously revealed to another. The surface amiability which misleads one observer is not so well maintained as to impose upon another. Sophia thinks Matilda an angel, until informed, by an incautious friend of the latter, that she leads her maid an awful life. Smith ceases to think Jones a hero when told of his base ingratitude to Brown.

Nor is it only as throwing light on a great deal that is dark in one's friends' characters that *their* friends merit notice. They can explain much that is perplexing, and furnish the key to many riddles. They often know facts about your friends at the knowledge of which you could never arrive yourself. You are on intimate terms with a lady who persists in wearing a band of black velvet round her left wrist. After racking your brains for years in the vain attempt to solve the mystery, you come across another of the lady's intimate friends who explains it in a moment. She has seen a ghost, who was ungallant enough to leave a scar upon her left arm. You could never understand why, on a certain day of the year, your trusted friend and adviser, old Surrebutter, of the Inner Temple, invariably donned a suit of mourning and remained secluded in his chambers. The College friend with whom he sips his port on Christmas-day clears up the matter, some day or other, by telling you of a romantic passage in the veteran pleader's early life. One reads the lines of past suffering on some gentle face, and wonders what was the trouble that set the furrows there. Thereby hangs a tale, which you may learn hereafter from the lips of some sympathizing confidant. What makes your soldier-friend so simple and modest, your mitred friend so inordinately stiff and pompous? The consciousness of their humble origin—a secret which they may strive to conceal, but which is pretty sure to reach your ears at last. Why, among the circle of your intimates, is one man so flighty, another so puritanical, a third so strong a teetotaler? These are questions which you cannot answer yourself, but which some one who has known the same persons earlier or better than you may be able to answer. It is safer, in short, in estimating the character of a given individual in its entirety, to assume nothing, and proceed by way of a regular induction. When three, four, or five of his intimate friends, who have known him at different times and seen him in different situations, agree that he is good-tempered, selfish, brave, or mean, there can be little doubt that he is so. It is impossible, therefore, to know any one really well unless you know his surroundings, and have some sort of access to his other intimate friends. There is no reason why a clearer insight into a friend's character should not be obtained during his lifetime, by the same sort of method that is adopted after his decease. When a man is dead, his biographer instinctively turns to the friends of the departed to fill up the gaps in his own knowledge, and pictures out the whole character by means of their evidence. The same source of information has been, during his friend's lifetime, equally accessible. There were always new veins of character which might have been tapped, and unknown incidents which might have been long ago brought to light. One need not always wait till death for the fuller knowledge and more comprehensive view that belongs to a posthumous record.

A shrewd observer may turn his friend's friends to account in another way. They serve as a mirror in which the characteristics of all friendship are continually being reflected. To watch the relations which exist between two persons, one of whom you know well and the other only mediately, is no unprofitable amusement. You see, in studying them, what causes tend to strengthen, weaken, or dissolve friendship, the tact which cements it, the rocks on which shipwreck is most often made. The knowledge thus gained is a chart to steer by and avoid the quicksands in which many ardent professions of attachment are engulfed. The looker-on proverbially sees a great deal that escapes the notice of the principals, and easily detects the blunders by which the



game is lost. When Damon and Pythias, fresh from College, agree to make the grand tour together, some cautious friend of the latter shakes his head, and wonders to himself if it will answer. When, a year hence, they return by different routes, and a permanent coolness ensues, he is at no loss what conclusion to draw. But he profits by the warning, and registers a vow never to travel with a man whose friendship he really values. Many are the problems that are solved for him, as it were, at another's expense. Up to what point advice or criticism may be hazarded, how to avoid the temptation to over-familiarity, on what footing to rest a friendship when the station is unequal, whether a Platonic one is possible between two young persons of different sex—whether the triangular alliance, so popular in Germany, of husband, wife, and friend, can be adapted to English society and its less sentimental view of conjugal life—these are points which, with many more, he discreetly leaves to be decided by the experience of those around him. In this way, not only may the materials for a new treatise *De Amicitia*, but much valuable knowledge of human nature, be acquired.

It is an amiable impulse to wish to make one's friends acquainted with each other. "You must know So and So," people say, speaking of one whom they know intimately to another equally dear. These transmitted friendships are by no means rare, and are sometimes attended with very fortunate results. Many happy marriages, for instance, annually grow out of them. The interest which sisters take in their brothers' friends has a natural tendency to ripen into love. Conversely, brothers often end by marrying their sisters' friends. But, as a general rule, it is a mistake to insist on two persons knowing each other, merely because they both happen to know you. One of two things probably happens. Either they don't like each other, which is a disappointment, or they like each other too well, and you soon find yourself supplanted.

#### FEDERAL EXECUTION.

THE German Confederation, as all the world knows, has a matter against the King of Denmark, otherwise Duke of Holstein, and is about, or says that it is about, to put its views into a practical shape in the form of a "Federal Execution." The thing so described is less terrible than its sound; for at the very worst it only means a war like another war, while the formula to English ears suggests something very like a general massacre. But the point to which we wish to call attention is the form which this Federal Execution is to take. The League, as a League, debates and decides; but it is not the League, as a League, which is to carry its own resolutions into effect. That still more important branch of the business is entrusted to four States of the League, to be carried out by them on behalf of the whole. This way of carrying out the decrees of a Federal body suggests two lines of thought. It is a very good illustration of the different working of a perfect and an imperfect Confederation—a *Bundesstaat* and a mere *Staatenbund*. It is also an example of a class of phenomena by no means confined to Federal Governments, but perhaps more likely to occur in them than in any other.

The *Times*—or rather, we think, one of its Correspondents—was the other day laughing at the Germans for the distinction drawn in the two expressive German words which we have just quoted. The laughter was, of course, the empty laughter which people laugh at what they do not understand. Otherwise one does not see why a nation should be made game of, either because its mind is capable of drawing accurate political distinctions or because its language is capable of clearly and simply expressing them. A *Bundesstaat* and a *Staatenbund* are two very different things. The former is the perfect Federation in which each State, while retaining full internal sovereignty, merges itself in the League as far as all foreign affairs are concerned. In the latter, the States, however closely united among themselves, do not lose their existence as distinct Powers. The two American Confederations belong to the first class, the German Confederation belongs to the second. It is impossible for a foreign Power to conclude a treaty with the State of New York or of South Carolina; the treaty must be concluded with the United or the Confederate States as wholes. But it is perfectly possible to conclude a treaty, not only with Prussia or Austria, which have territories external to the League, but with Bavaria or Baden, which are wholly included within it. In America and in Switzerland the Federal power, within its own walk, is really a Government, directly representing the nation and directly acting on the nation. But the German League is merely a very close alliance. Its Diet neither directly represents the nation nor directly acts upon the nation; it represents and it directly acts upon nothing but the Confederate Governments. This distinction is closely connected with the apparently clumsy form of Federal Execution selected by the German Diet. We do not lay it down as an absolute rule that a Federation of the more perfect kind could never find it expedient to entrust the execution of its decrees to one or more of its States. Such a case might conceivably occur, but it does not seem likely that such a Federation would adopt such a mode of execution habitually and by preference. In a Federation of that kind the Federal power is really a Government, with all the machinery of a Government at its disposal. It is in the constant habit of direct action, and has no temptation to depute its functions to any of its members. Hence, both in Switzerland and in America, the separate action of the States is contemplated only in some urgent exceptional cases, such as those of sudden

invasion or rebellion. The direct action of the Union is in every way more convenient. But, in the case of Germany, the League is not in the habit of action, and the several States are. They have their several governments, constantly discharging all the functions of governments, while the Federal power cannot be said to be a government at all. Two of these States rank among the "Great Powers" of Europe; and there are others which, without ranking as "Great Powers," are in extent and population quite able to cope, even singly, with the antagonist in this particular case. It is, therefore, a really more convenient way for the League to call on one or more of these States to carry out its behests than for it to attempt to act directly as a League, and to put its own decrees in execution.

That this way of proceeding is found to be the most convenient is a good practical comment on the looseness of the tie which binds together the members of the present German Confederation. Each member of the League is better fitted for action than the League itself. In a certain sense, each member of the League is stronger than the League. Judged, therefore, by a Swiss or American standard, the German Confederation must seem to be a very clumsy affair, quite unfitted to discharge any of the duties of a Confederation. Whether this judgment is a sound one depends upon the point of view from which we look at the matter. To a patriotic German, wishing to see his country, as a united nation, assume the place in Europe which seems naturally due to it, the present Confederation appears utterly worthless. Its only use can be that, by accustoming Germans from different States to act together, and by now and then, however awkwardly, setting Germany before the world as a political whole, it may gradually pave the way towards a more real union at some future time. And a European statesman, wishing to see Central Europe occupied by a great nation, really independent alike of France and of Russia, will take pretty much the same view as the patriotic German. He may even think that a really great and united Germany, conscious of its own power, and holding an acknowledged place in the European system, will be less likely to trouble the world with aggressions on Denmark or Italy than a Germany tormented by the thought of its own nullity, and urged by a feverish desire to do something—it does not much matter what—to convince itself and the world that it has a corporate existence. Looked at in either of these views, the Confederation seems the most bungling device ever put together, and the mode of Federal execution seems pre-eminent among its instances of bungling. In either of these views, the case seems analogous to that of the United States in 1787 or of Switzerland in 1848. What is wanted is closer union, more complete fusion, the change of an imperfect Federation into a more perfect one. All this is very good reasoning and very sound policy, but it does not show the *Bund* to be the perfect bungle which at first sight it seems. It is a bungle from the point of view either of a German patriot or of a European statesman; but it may be no bungle at all from the point of view of a German sovereign, because the objects of a German sovereign may be quite different from the objects either of a German patriot or of a European statesman. It may be a good means to accomplish the ends of the one, just because it is a bad means to accomplish the ends of the other. The German League is purely a League of sovereigns, not a League of peoples. Now we may be sure that German unity, in the sense in which those words are commonly understood, was not the object of German sovereigns in 1815, and is not their object in 1863. Many motives of various kinds led the members of the old Empire, shivered asunder by the first Buonaparte, to form some sort of Union after his fall. Mere habit and tradition would by themselves have been enough to lead to it. A mutual guaranty was convenient, and the Confederation has really answered some very good purposes, by hindering wars among its members, and by keeping up some notion, however vague, of there being such a thing as Germany as a whole. But there was no temptation to anything beyond this. German unity can never be the object, and must ever be the bugbear, of German sovereigns, because its establishment, in whatever shape, must involve a diminution of their powers. For them, therefore, it was a gain to establish a Federal power, weak rather than strong, slow rather than active, more likely to leave things in the hands of the several States than to effect them by its own direct agency. At the present moment, when a scheme of reform is afloat, it takes the form most opposite to all Achaian, Swiss, or American notions—that of entrusting increased powers, not to the League itself, but to one or more of its own members acting for it. So Switzerland, in its unreformed state, from 1815 to 1848, entrusted certain powers to a *Vorort* or Presiding Canton—a position held by Zürich, Bern, and Luzern, in turn. But the present Constitution knows nothing of any *Vorort*. The old powers of the *Vorort*, and much more than its powers, are now held by the Government of the League itself. But this is just because the Swiss Constitution was made by the Swiss people, while the German *Bund* and its reforms are alike the work of German sovereigns. The objects of the German people are the same as those of the Swiss people; but then they are quite different from those of German sovereigns. Possibly, both in 1815 and 1863, there may have been in the minds of German sovereigns something like a wish to amuse the German people by giving them the shadow of a union of which they deny the substance. Neither the Act of 1815 nor the Reform of 1863 is conceived in the interest of Germany or of Europe. But the Act of 1815 was very convenient for German sovereigns in general, and the Reform of 1863 is very convenient for the sovereign of Austria and Bohemia. In both cases there is no

bungle at all, but the very thing that is wanted, in a Federal power which cannot act of itself, but is obliged to get some of its particular States to act for it.

But this want of a real executive power in any political body is essentially a sign of weakness, though it may, in one particular case, be a convenient weakness. That the German Confederation is thus driven to act through its members is not the less a proof that the Confederation is weak, because the founders of the Confederation may have wished it to be weak. This sort of weakness is one which the League has inherited from its predecessor the Empire, and its growth is indeed one of the best marks by which we trace the process by which that Empire gradually dissolved from a Kingdom into a mere League. In the twelfth century, Frederick Barbarossa was a true King of Germany, and went forth, like any other King, at the head of the armies of his Kingdom. In the fourteenth century, Charles IV. professed to gather an Imperial army to besiege Zürich in the interests of his Austrian ally. Zürich, however, was never the worse; she had not even so much as to resist the might of her offended Cæsar. A generation later, Switzerland is in favour, and Austria is in disfavour, at the Imperial Court. King Sigismund sends forth his ban against Duke Frederick, and the rebellious vassal is sentenced to lose all his lands and lordships. But Sigismund had grown wiser than his father. Instead of an Imperial army, the Confederates are requested to execute the Imperial decree, and are promised the investiture of their conquests as their reward. This means was very much more effectual. The Holy Roman Empire, as a body, failed to reduce Zürich, but seven of its smallest members found no difficulty in reducing Aargau. That is to say, between Frederick Barbarossa and Charles IV., the Empire had lost all power of executing its own decrees; they must either be left unexecuted, or entrusted for execution to some particular State. If, in later times, the Imperial power seemed to revive, it was rather the power of the Emperor than of the Empire. When the Empire was held by a prince otherwise formidable, the Emperor counted as a Great Power; but the Empire itself, as an Empire, could hardly do more than the present League.

A Power of this sort, whether called an Empire or a Confederation, comes to fill a position not very unlike that of an ecclesiastical body. It has no physical strength; it may have moral strength or not, according to circumstances. It cannot execute its own decrees; but it may get somebody else to execute them by appealing either to their conscience or their interests, or to a judicious mixture of the two. The Amphictyonic Council was the most venerable body in Greece, and it put forth the most solemn decrees; but they were mere breath unless some Power—Athens, Thebes, or Macedonia—undertook to execute them. We may believe that Solon undertook the work of Amphictyonic execution at the bidding of conscience, and Philip at the bidding of interest; but, unless either conscience or interest took up the cause, the decree remained unexecuted. Sparta might be fined, but Sparta never paid the fine. Phocis was threatened, and Phocis answered by seizing the Delphian temple. It is exactly the same with the decrees of Popes. A Pope preached a Crusade; he had no army, but a strange mixture of the highest and lowest of motives at once supplied one. He deposed an Emperor, and a counter-Emperor rose at his bidding; he deposed a King of England, but he had to commission a King of France to execute the decree. Later decrees of the same sort have come to nothing, because no Power has been found willing to undertake their actual execution. And a decree of a German Diet, Imperial or Federal, seems to have hardly more inherent power. It needs some power, not its own, to execute it. This may be a sign of convenient weakness, but it is a sign of weakness not the less.

#### THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE growth and success of what are called "Congresses" form a remarkable phenomenon. That men of kindred pursuits or tastes or professions should periodically meet together to report progress, and interchange ideas, and take counsel together, is, of course, no new thing. It is natural to man—especially is it natural to man under free institutions, and with every meeting even of a literary society or a joint-stock company modelled after the representative and Parliamentary type—to meet his fellows in high and solemn conclave. The British Association gave the idea of the Congress, but it is railway travelling which has developed it. Unless men could meet together easily and cheaply, they would not meet at all. The peculiarity of the Congress system is that it is locomotive. It tends against centralization, and it gives remarkable opportunities to a vivacious propagandism for stirring the whole country. If a Congress meets one year at Newcastle, and the next at Bristol, then at Liverpool, and afterwards at Norwich, it is like setting a house on fire in four different places. Besides which, the Congress gives the local dons an opportunity. When a scientific Congress selects a provincial capital for its meetings, the indigenous savans are bound to rub up their old armour, and even to inquire into the extant state of knowledge; and the advent of the Sociologists is a very practical hint to Edinburgh or Aberdeen to wash its hands and to put its best leg foremost. It is not discreditable to the Church of England that, in the person, not of authority certainly, but of its more active and earnest members, it has availed itself of the "Congress" notion. What seems to show that some good is got out of these voluntary meetings is that they improve. Three years ago, the first of them was held at Cambridge. It was due

to private invitation; it was tentative, and halted here and there in its arrangements; and, if we remember right, it was remarkable chiefly rather as a promise than a success. Last year the second of these meetings was held at Oxford, under more definite arrangements, with a well-devised plan of proceedings, and with the special advantage of the presence and presidency of the Bishop of Oxford. During the past week, the newspapers have been filled with the details of the Manchester Church Congress, which has now developed into the full apparatus of papers, divisional presidents, sectional meetings, and morning and evening sittings.

These Church Congresses must be judged only for what they are. The keen and vigilant Bishop of Exeter, so often the earliest to discern the signs of the times, was the first to attempt to revive the conciliar action of the Church by convoking a regular representative meeting of the clerical body of his own diocese. The Exeter Diocesan Synod passed resolutions, and even enounced canons which took all the form of synodical decisions, and which only laboured under the slight defect that there was no authority to enforce them. But the type of Exeter was very different from that of Manchester. The Congress is no attempt to galvanize a worn-out organization; nor is it a modern antique. It is very much—indeed, in some persons' judgment, a little too much—of the nineteenth century. It is very likely that, had not Bishop Phillpotts broken ground, the Church Congress had not been; but at Manchester the aim is not very high, and its ideal is one which is easy enough to realize. Its aim and end, its beginning and object, is to talk and instruct, and to fetch and carry information. There are inherent defects in such a plan, as well as palpable advantages. At Manchester, the field which it was attempted to plough was too large, and it was only scratched over. Of course, there is something on the face of it unreal, in a vast number of earnest people meeting together only to talk, and to read papers, and to make speeches. A Congress, from the nature of the case, summons the lions and the bores. It invites the old hobbies, who certainly carry weight according to age, and it is good practising ground for the untried yearlings of reform and improvement. And, to do them justice, in Church matters as in other subjects, there are generally those who are equal to either occasion. As in the ordinary public meeting, there is usually a great orator or two, and then there are the padding speakers. There is always a race from the dull section to the lively one. A meeting in which there is a chance of seeing Bishop Wilberforce polish off Mr. Hugh Stowell is likely enough to be better attended than one in which the Tithe Redemption is advocated as the panacea for all the ills of England. A lively lecture by Mr. Beresford Hope on a subject which all persons think they can understand, such as Church architecture, will be graced by bonnets; and where there are bonnets, even among Churchmen, there will the cassocks be gathered together. Still these things have their advantage. A Congress is a very useful instrument for settling the relative proportions of men and measures. It is healthy, if unpleasant, for a man to find out that his pet scheme is very small in the great economy of things. A Congress has its refrigerating as well as its stimulating functions. It is a fair epitome of public opinion; and Churchmen, whether lay or clerical, seldom know much about public opinion. A Congress is a larger orbit than that in which secretaries of special societies usually move; and to move in a large orbit brings home to a man's mind his own insignificance in the system to which he belongs, and at the same time enlarges his conception of general laws and great principles. It has been argued, as an objection to these gatherings, that they are unfavourable to a vigorous and tenacious grasp of principles; and that, as there must be something of compromise and reticence in such proceedings, the result will be a vague and generalized view of things, doctrines, men, and duties. When it is urged that it is good for people of different schools and views to meet, because the result is usually found to be that differences are more apparent than real, and that the softening and levelling influences are of great advantage in allaying theological heats and rounding off the angularities of party ruggedness, it is answered that the dignity of truth is sacrificed to the pleasant lukewarmness of moderation, and that there is no gain in all this smoothness and amiability. No doubt there is something in this; but as we believe that truth has generally the best to say for itself, and somehow or other contrives to get hold of the best speakers and writers, and as the best speakers and writers usually hold pretty clearly and state pretty openly what they believe and what they have to say, it may be doubted whether the result of discussion is this alleged indifference. The dangers, such as they are, are rather the other way. A Congress is a very formidable opportunity for developing personal influences, and for recommending, under favourable and exceptional advantages, the conclusions of a strong will and an active intellect. Proselytism, rather than indifference, is the more natural consequence of much listening and much speaking. But this must always be the case. The cause would be an evil one in which the readiest speaker and the more earnest conviction had not odds in their favour. The Congress in this respect is but the world.

And when we come to particulars, there is much to admire in the proceedings at Manchester. That they took place at Manchester at all is significant. It has so often been said that people began to acquiesce in it as a truism, that the great manufacturing towns and districts are lost to the Church. Dissent, it is said, is acquiring even an intellectual and social supremacy in the homes of poor Peel incumbents and wealthy Dissenting chapels. The mill-owners and manufacturers, we have been assured, look upon the



Church as impotent, and on its influences as worm-eaten and decaying. Perhaps it was by way of practical answer to this commonplace of the Liberation Society, that the Congress took a bold flight from the Universities to the very citadel of Dissent. Anyhow, the openness of the challenge shows that the Church has the first of all credentials to success in its confidence in itself. After the manner of the English, the Congress employed itself, for the most part, in exposing all the weaknesses, and in calling elaborate attention to all the shortcomings, of its own system. The speakers and essayists, of course, paraded past neglects and present inefficiencies, and made the very worst of the case, partly from conviction, and partly, in some cases, for rhetorical and scenic effect. The Congress know, of course, that bystanders will take this at its real value, and that an institution which can afford to criticize itself, and to do its self-searching in this very public way, must be tolerably strong. And the fact is that the Church of England is strong, and that one of the elements of its increasing strength is to be found in all this publicity. A Church Congress is a very different thing from a Council or a General Assembly, or an annual meeting of the Wesleyan Conference. These things are only the voice of a caste speaking of the things of a caste. The speakers at such gatherings glide over inconvenient topics; they are very prudentially silent on failures; they are politic and cautious. In a Congress, the layman is equal to the ecclesiastic, and often shows that he is superior. A Congress is, like early Rome, a home for the disaffected, the turbulent, the querulous; and here, of all classes of mortal men, the smooth, last-my-time official is least of all at home. Occasionally a good-tempered man, such as Lord Harrowby, has the courage to stand up for even a very unpopular body; and it is pleasant to find that a Church Commissioner goes to Manchester, and very properly thinks that the educated Church intelligence is worth conciliating, or even instructing. That the vigorous Dean of Chichester should have been selected as the Armstrong of the occasion is only natural; few men of the day have more fully won the right to stand in the van of Church advance. But even the Bishop of Manchester was compelled, by the stern necessities of the case, to assume an interest which, as he never felt it before, he will now probably display in practice, in the matter of free churches and open seats. And if Church Congresses go the round of England, a generation or two may expect to find that, for once at least, bishops, and deans and chapters themselves will have it brought home to them in their respective dormitories that they belong to an active, resolute, and uncompromising body, which is resolved to face its difficulties and to meet its dangers, if any such there be, and which at any rate knows that public opinion, and free council, and a mutual canvassing of opinions, are the only way to gain or to retain practical influence on the English mind.

#### COTTON PROSPECTS.

THE time has at length arrived at which it is possible to sum up the results of the cotton famine, and, sad as the story cannot but be, there is every ground for congratulation that it is no worse. In 1860 the cotton trade was at full tide. Considerably more than half-a-million of operatives were earning high wages in the manufacture of something like two millions and a-half of bales of cotton in the year, four-fifths of which were the produce of the Southern States of the American Republic. The large stocks which had accumulated in the hands of dealers and spinners, combined with the prevalent belief that the American war would be of short duration, neutralized for a time the commercial influence of the blockade, and the falling-off in production during the year 1861 was not greater than the natural reaction from the excessive speculation of the previous year would account for. The sharpest pinch was felt in 1862, culminating at Christmas in an amount of suffering which, but for the magnificent efforts made to relieve it, would have reduced Lancashire to absolute ruin and starvation. Before the end of that famine year two-thirds of the employment of the factory hands was gone, and those who still obtained work were compelled to content themselves with earnings far below those which had made the home of a Lancashire mill-hand a model of comfort, and almost of luxury. Either from the Guardians, or from the Committees, nearly 500,000 of the destitute population were in receipt of relief; and with the prospect, since realized, of a continuance of the strife that caused the evil, few were sanguine enough to believe that the crisis had yet been reached. But from that date to the present time the flood of distress has been steadily subsiding. The numbers dependent on charity have fallen since January from 456,000 to 180,000, and what is perhaps the most encouraging feature of the revival is the fact that the improvement has continued month after month without a single interruption. With so much reason to rejoice at a recovery which promises to be permanent, there is some danger of our overrating the present position of the toiling population of the cotton districts. A fair general impression of the actual condition of the operatives may be gathered from the statistics which are before the world. Speaking roughly, out of every five workers in 1860 and 1861 only two retained their occupation at the crisis of the famine, and even now the mills at work are barely sufficient to find employment for three. Nor does this estimate paint the distress truly without adding the consideration that those who are in full work are unable to earn anything approaching to the wages of prosperous times. It is only by comparison with the gloomier times which

have past that the present can be regarded with any kind of complacency; but there is a continuity about all the large movements of commerce which encourages a confident hope that the recovery already manifested will go on until comfort shall once more be restored to the people who have borne distress with so much manly patience.

A different class of statistics leads to very much the same conclusions. The weekly consumption of cotton in 1863 has been just one-half of the average rate of 1861, and less than one-half of that which the speculative activity of 1860 had fostered. It is not likely that in any event the enormous production which preceded the famine would have been maintained, but it seems certain that the reduction in the store of cotton fabrics which the world contains largely exceeds the produce of a million bales of the raw material. With all this diminution of consumption the stock in hand at Liverpool is extremely low, and were it not that the fluctuations of the market may be trusted to preserve a due relation between the demand and the supply, a sudden recurrence of extreme scarcity might even yet produce a temporary relapse. It is not necessary, however, to enter into the grounds of the uncertain estimates of future supply to feel satisfied that the favourable tide has fairly set in, and that, notwithstanding the momentary fluctuations which are still possible enough, the supply will continue to increase. The broad facts are more significant than the most detailed information. Before the war, America supplied four-fifths of our consumption. Last year this enormous importation had dwindled down to 65,000 bales, and the supply of 1863 is put at no more than a bare hundred thousand. But the laws of trade have been at work, sluggishly it is true, as is usual in great commercial revolutions, but not the less effectually on that account. While the American supply collapsed, the rest of the world added 40 per cent. to its accustomed contributions; and under the stimulus of the high prices which have so long prevailed it is almost a matter of certainty that each succeeding year will show a much larger rate of increase. Cotton can be grown in a multitude of different localities, scattered over the whole world. Everywhere the urgent need for this particular commodity, and the unexampled price that it commands at present, are perfectly well understood; and all the doubts that may be based on a special acquaintance with this or that country will not shake the conviction, which it is impossible to resist, that from some source or other a large increase in supply will respond to the unprecedented demand which has arisen. Whether the conjectures of Mr. E. Ashworth (in a sense adopted by the Central Relief Committee) may or may not be verified in every particular, is as difficult to foresee as the probable accuracy of the calculations of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. All prospective estimates are liable to be falsified, but it seldom happens that the errors fail to correct each other, and to leave a balance on the right side. Mr. Ashworth's expectations from India and elsewhere have been called in question by men of experience equal to his own; but no one has disputed the generally cautious character of his figures, or has given any sufficient reason for doubting that the deficiencies from one quarter will be compensated by an excess elsewhere. If, as seems reasonable, we may venture to rely on the general results of this almost official forecast, there is a large improvement to be looked for in the course of the next twelvemonth, even though the American blockade should continue to be maintained with the same degree of efficiency as at the present moment. Without reckoning on a single additional bale from America, Mr. Ashworth reports that the supply of cotton in 1864 may be expected to rise, from its present rate of about half the old standard, up to at least three-quarters of that amount. Taking into account the relief incidentally afforded by the emigration of some of the factory hands, and the absorption of many more into kindred employments, the anticipated recovery of the cotton manufacture in the course of next year will, if verified, take away almost entirely the exceptional character of Lancashire distress. Some years more may elapse before the old standard of earnings and comfort can be regained, but the suffering which may remain ought not to be more than the ordinary local means should suffice to deal with. The great work of the Central Relief Committee has come nearly to an end. Although there may yet occur cases of local or temporary distress for which extraneous aid may be required, it is scarcely premature to say that the heaviest calamity which ever visited any branch of trade has, thanks to the energy and devotion of the members of the Central and Local Committees, been fairly tided over without any of those incidental evils which ordinarily attend every charitable work. Actual starvation has been averted, the rate of mortality has happily not increased, and it is a still more solid ground for satisfaction that the trials they have endured, and the help they have received, instead of demoralizing the unfortunate operatives, have served for the most part only to bring out their strength of character, and to raise them in the estimation of all their countrymen. Much of this is due to the sterling stuff of which the people of the North are made, but it would be most unjust not to ascribe the happy escape from evils which, on all former occasions, have attended large efforts of benevolence, to the judgment and caution which have from the first characterized the Relief Committees. Whether in the suddenness and severity of the calamity itself, in the nobleness with which it has been borne, or in the wisdom which has governed the administration of relief, the history of the cotton dearth of 1862 stands alone.

Notwithstanding the encouraging tone of recent reports, it

would be a grievous error to jump to the conclusion that the old industry is fairly set up again, and that the necessity for assistance has entirely passed away. The winter is approaching, and the workmen of Lancashire, if left to themselves, will have to meet it with their little reserve of capital wholly exhausted, and, in many instances, to bear the unaccustomed exposure of out-door work without the protection of suitable clothing, or the comfort of adequate warmth in their own dwellings. While announcing their intention to discontinue the distribution of general relief in those districts where the restoration of the old trade is most marked, the Committee have not forgotten the possibility of large demands being made upon their funds during the winter season. It is only necessary to guard against the impression that nothing remains to be done to ensure the continuance of such support as the Committee may require. The work which has been thus far carried on with so much energy and wisdom will not be allowed to languish now that the end is so nearly reached; and if all goes well, another year will not have passed until the Great Cotton Famine will have become a matter of history, like the still more sweeping calamity which desolated Ireland fifteen years ago. In the success of the remedial measures adopted the contrast is happily not less striking than the resemblance of the two visitations.

#### THE MILLENNIUM AT HAND.

THIS time there will be no mistake about it. The calculations which fix the beginning of the Millennium for the year 1870 may be relied upon. The conclusion which has been arrived at by many sober-minded writers is not likely to be without foundation. Ever since the French Revolution, eminent expositors of prophecy have asserted that revolutions much more tremendous would happen during the present decade; and have not these predictions been already partially fulfilled? The expectations entertained of the cessation of war, and of an epoch of unclouded peace and earthly prosperity, are now shown to have been delusive. The President of the United States informed Congress in 1844 that the peace of "that enlightened and important quarter of the globe" (Europe) appeared more firmly established than it had ever been before. The Queen of England and the King of the French expressed equal confidence that general tranquillity would be maintained. Let these fallacious anticipations be contrasted with the far-sighted views expressed by expositors of prophecy. The Rev. E. B. Elliott demonstrated that the period from 1865 to 1869 would be the time of the Second Advent, and that there was to be expected before it a period of sifting and trial such as had never been experienced before. The laborious students of Scripture believed that desolating judgments were about to descend upon the world. Scoffers relied upon the text, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man;" but it was announced by the faithful that the concealment of the day and the hour did not necessarily prevent the discovery of the month, or even the week, of the Second Advent. It is declared in Scripture that this Second Advent is to be preceded by the manifestation of Antichrist or the Man of Sin. Many Antichrists have already arisen, such as the Pope and Mahomet, but there is a particular and individual Antichrist yet to arise, who will be worshipped in the Temple at Jerusalem.

The foregoing is a free summary of the introductory part of a remarkable American book, called *Louis Napoleon, the Destined Monarch of the World*, the object of which is to propound the theory that the personal Antichrist is none other than the present Emperor of the French. The cover of the book is adorned with a most captivating picture of a seven-headed and ten-horned beast which

Doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus—

having one foot on Europe and another on America. Six of the beast's heads are of a wolfish type, but the seventh has hair and moustaches, and those "pale, corpse-like, imperturbable features" which we all know. The contents of the volume are sufficiently mysterious and terrible to fulfil the promise of its outside. It announces that Louis Napoleon will very soon acquire supreme ascendancy over the whole of Christendom, "and for three-and-a-half years will ruthlessly slay nearly every one who will not acknowledge him to be God." The whole of this tremendous drama is to be completed by the year 1870, when its hero is to perish at the battle of Armageddon; and therefore it may be expected that the performance will very soon begin. It may seem odd that an American clergyman, who has opportunities enough for hearing of and even seeing actual battles and other horrors in his own country, should prefer to occupy his thoughts with the tribulation which prophecy, according to his interpretation, declares to be coming upon Europe. "Christendom will become a slaughter-house or shambles, in which tens of thousands of Christ's sheep will be butchered, and scarcely any one will escape the awful ordeal of being put to the test, whether they will confess Christ and be killed, perhaps with dreadful tortures, or whether they will acknowledge Napoleon to be God, and thus purchase temporary safety at the cost of eternal damnation." Those who acknowledge the divinity of Napoleon will be branded in the forehead or hand with his name or number. This persecution will be the leading feature of the Great Tribulation of three-and-a-half years, but there will be superadded wars, earthquakes, pestilences, and famines. The proofs that Louis Napoleon is the personal Antichrist arrange themselves under ten heads:—

1. He is the Beast's seventh revived or eighth head, spoken of in the Book of Revelations. The seventh head is the Napoleon dynasty, which was wounded by the sword at Waterloo, and revived in 1852. Into the argument in support of this exposition of Scripture this is hardly the place to enter.

2. He corresponds with the predicted character of the personal Antichrist in respect of his warlike prowess, his insatiable ambition, and his vast military power. "When we consider the unrivalled boldness, matchless skill, and unscrupulous determination with which he has carved his way to his present commanding position, and moreover the tact, astuteness, and subtle policy with which he maintains and strengthens that position," we cannot fail to recognize the appropriateness of the question in Rev. xiii. 4, "Who is like unto the Beast? who is able to make war with him?" The great increase in the numbers and effectiveness of the French army since his accession is well known. Although he says that the Empire is Peace, neighbouring nations are alarmed at the preparation which he makes for war. His troops are unapproachably formidable, not only by their masterly skill in the management of their weapons, but by the inconceivably deadly nature of their engines of destruction. He has a fleet of war-steamer not inferior to that of Great Britain. The surprising skill in generalship which he displayed on the plains of Lombardy has demonstrated his military talent to be of the highest order. The expedient adopted in that campaign of reconnoitring from a balloon showed a mind fertile in resources. His courage at the battle of Solferino amounted to the verge of rashness, electrifying the soldiers by the coolness he displayed while engaged in the thick of the contest, and merely walking his horse in the midst of a shower of balls.

3. He has obtained actual possession of the city of Rome. This will be one of his principal cities during his three-and-a-half-years' reign as Antichrist, although Jerusalem will be his ecclesiastical metropolis, and in its temple divine worship will be offered to him, and to his image, which is the abomination of desolation.

4. He apparently protects and supports the Pope, but yet suffers him to be plundered and gradually stripped of his temporal power.

5. The whole extent of the original Roman Empire is becoming subordinated to his control, and is evidently approaching its final division into ten kingdoms, which are to give their power and strength to the Eighth Head during the closing three-and-a-half years. The expositor deduces from several passages of Scripture that "Napoleon's ten vassal-kings will not be elected and crowned over the ten horn-kingdoms of the Roman earth until just before the final three-and-a-half years (from 1866 to 1870); and, therefore, the now existing sovereigns within the Roman Empire will have been displaced or deposed by that time." It is not often that prophecy assumes such a definite form as this. "It is nearly certain that the ten horn-kingdoms will be Great Britain, France, Spain, &c." Over each of these countries will be a king or viceroy, while Napoleon will be king over the ten kings. It would be difficult for an English expositor of prophecy to commit himself to the prediction that in rather more than three years this country will be governed by a French viceroy; but a Philadelphian divine cannot be expected to understand that, before Napoleon's representative took possession of England, the question, "Who is able to make war with him?" would be very likely to receive an answer. The expositor does, indeed, admit that the power of Great Britain offers the principal impediment to Napoleon's attainment of uncontrolled dominion over the Roman world; "but prophecy most clearly shows that England is soon to give its power and strength to him." If, indeed, prophecy does show this, it is so much the worse for prophecy, for it will certainly turn out to be mistaken. The expositor, however, has "not the slightest doubt" that England will be comprehended among Napoleon's ten vassal kingdoms. Either by internal revolution, or diplomacy, or foreign invasion, or all three influences combined, the sovereign of England will be induced to become the vassal of Napoleon; and tens of thousands of persons in Great Britain will be slain for refusing to worship Napoleon's image during the three-and-a-half years of persecution. There was a time, more distant through change of feeling than lapse of years, when London Lord Mayors and Aldermen and other Britons took to the worship of Napoleon very kindly; but it is not to be supposed that they would do the same upon compulsion. The image of the Emperor has been set up in many a British household without suspicion that it was the "abomination of desolation" of which Scripture speaks. The expositor informs us that "England's naval superiority, which prevented Napoleon I. successfully invading her, now no longer exists." Her wooden walls have, it seems, been rendered useless by the invention of iron-clad men-of-war. But a prophetic journal, quoted in a note, puts the subjugation of England in a more feasible way than the expositor himself has done. According to this plan for the future of Europe, all the ten kingdoms will become democratic, and will elect kings by universal suffrage. A French pamphleteer, who seems to have been an unconscious prophet, desired the English upper classes to reflect on what support they would obtain from the English people when a French general should present himself with universal suffrage in one hand and the Code Napoleon in the other. The English workman, amid all his misery, is supposed to keep his eyes fixed on Cherbourg, and to watch for the approach



of the fleet of deliverance, and for the advent of the champion of universal suffrage and people's rights. It is thus that England will fulfil prophecy, by spontaneously yielding her power and strength to Napoleon.

6. The French Emperor fulfils the prophecy that the name of the Eighth Head or Antichrist should be, in the Greek tongue, Apollyon, and should numerically be equal to the number 666. Every sensible person can, of course, see that *Napoleon* and *Apollyon* are substantially the same words.

7. His Grecian extraction, his sphinx-like impenetrability of countenance, his addiction to the practice of Spiritualism, and his deceptive professions of a pacific policy, identify him with the description given of the personal Antichrist by the Prophet Daniel. The identification, perhaps, is not completely satisfactory. The statement that Louis Napoleon derives his origin from a Grecian family of high rank has more novelty than the descriptions of his character and appearance which are quoted to prove that he is the "king of fierce countenance, and understanding dark sentences," of whom the Prophet speaks. There is, however, some power of invention shown in the comparison of Louis Napoleon to the typical enemy of mankind, the serpent. "He lay for years, coiled together in a lethargy, until, aroused by the occasion, he displayed his fangs, uncoiled his folds, and shot forth his icy frame just far enough to seize his prey, but no further." The expositor states that the Emperor deals in Spiritualism, and often communicates with his deceased uncle.

It is necessary to treat more briefly the remaining heads of proof. The Prophet Daniel speaks of "a vile person," and Louis Napoleon was originally a vile—that is, an ignoble, obscure—person. The same Prophet speaks of having "power over the treasures of gold and of silver," and Louis Napoleon is working a mine at Senegal, in Africa, which produces more gold than Australia and California put together. Further, it is whispered that he possesses the monopoly of a scientific discovery by means of which gold is manufactured secretly at Paris. The expositor intimates his opinion that neither the Finance Minister nor the Bank of France would have got through recent difficulties as they have done if they had not been able to command these illimitable supplies of gold. If the expositor understood business as well as he does prophecy, he would probably consider that the Finance Minister and the Bank of France have made an unskilful use of their extraordinary advantages. The result of these accumulated proofs is that, "whereas Napoleon Bonaparte slew his thousands, Louis Napoleon will slay his hundreds of thousands." His military taste is likely to be gratified by the command of the greatest army ever raised. This army he will conduct to Palestine, and it will perish along with him at Armageddon, unless, indeed, he should put the prophets in a difficulty by declining to go near that famous battle-field.

The space which has been devoted to this extraordinary book has only sufficed for the exhibition of a very few specimens of the wonderful mass of absurdities which it contains. The author quotes largely from other expositors of Scripture, who appear less extravagant than he does chiefly perhaps because they have not ventured on predicting events equally close at hand. But this writer gravely tells us that probably in the year 1870 the battle of Armageddon will take place, and, Antichrist (that is Louis Napoleon) and his followers being slain, the Millennium will be fully inaugurated. It would be interesting to know whether Louis Napoleon is himself satisfied with the brilliant but brief career which is thus disclosed to him. An American is reported to have said that, if he knew that it was predestinated that he should be drowned in a particular lake, nobody would ever catch him going within a mile of it. Since Armageddon appears to be such a dangerous place, it can scarcely be a compliment to the French Emperor to play the air "Partant pour la Syrie" when he appears in public. To do so would indeed almost amount to a hint that a loyal and devoted people had had enough of him.

#### MODERN GERMAN ART AT MUNICH.

NOTHING can be more depressing to the student of art than a walk about the streets of Munich. He observes a constant effort after an ideal which the circumstances of the place and the genius of the people have rendered it impossible to realize. One day it entered the head of the Bavarian Crown Prince that his future *Residenzstadt* should become a museum of the beauties of art. Accordingly, he assembled painters, sculptors, and architects, and bade them reproduce upon a flat, bare, treeless German plain the miracles of Greek and Roman and Italian art. Plans were made and streets mapped out; here was to be a theatre, and there a temple; this square was to be adorned with a Roman equestrian statue, that vista closed with a triumphal arch. Egyptian obelisks and romantic Gothic heroes, modern poets and mediæval kings, jostled one another among imitations of the Parthenon, copies of Venetian and Lombard palaces, Roman basilicas and Gothic façades, Odeons in the Ionic and churches in the German style. This was the work of the architect and sculptor; it remained for the painter to adorn these spacious buildings with appropriate frescoes. Money was not wanting; and in a few years the commonplace Bavarian fields were startled by façades and pediments and campanili, rising like mushrooms from the dirty clay, and turning their gilt and frescoed fronts to the bleak wintry winds and damp miasmas that had previously reigned unmolested round the walls of Munich. There they stand; and the traveller wanders through their desolate spaces, wondering how the forms of beauty which

he well remembers in Athens or in Rome, or among the canals of Venice or the streets of Nuremberg, have assembled themselves as if for a cosmopolitan masked ball of architecture, in cleverly contrived costumes and magnificent parade, but lifeless imitations after all, and only mimicking what they pretend to be. The extraordinary jumble which they present, their anachronisms and their dismal bareness, irresistibly recall to his mind those heathen gods and goddesses in the groves of Blarney—

Bould Plutarch, Neptune, Nicodemus,  
All standing naked in the open air.

After the first impression of incongruity and desolation has been vanquished, we begin to examine these buildings in detail, and find them all equally unoriginal and learnedly faultless. Imagination there is nowhere to be found; and in the effort after exact reproduction, the spirit of the model has always been sacrificed to a faithful representation of its lifeless form. Thus we observe the old scrollwork and capitals, the Pompeian griffins and vine wreaths, the Etruscan borders and Byzantine foliage, the twisted Gothic parapets and rows of Lombard arches, with which every one who has looked into any history of art is perfectly familiar. But each specimen seems as if it had come straight out of the engraved plates of Agincourt, and somehow stereotyped itself in stone. It is all learned, measured, well studied, and carefully executed, as far as mechanical skill can imitate the pattern set before it; but not one leaf or lion's head seems natural and spontaneous. The Crown Prince wanted his capital to be a museum, and he made it one. The whole town is like a *hortus siccus* of departed art, crying ruefully from every stone that originality has perished, and creation given place to history.

This is peculiarly the case with respect to the modern German painting as exhibited at Munich. Great erudition is its only merit, but even this erudition is crude and ill-digested. Like the scholastic philosophy of the middle ages, it entirely ignores inquiry into nature, and builds its gigantic superstructures upon a few false theories. The works of the greatest ancient and modern artists have been carefully studied, and often slavishly imitated, by Cornelius and his comrades. But, one and all, they lack the technical and anatomical skill by which alone eclectics can hope to rival the spontaneous productions of happier artists. They have no eye for colour, and even boast that the highest aims of art can be attained by disregarding the beauty of harmonious tints, just as Wagner and his school pretend to create a music without melody. Here the very strength of the German mind seems to paralyse it for all purposes of art. It elevates the intellectual idea above its sensuous environment, and imagines that when it has conceived a great thought its task is accomplished; whereas this is but one step in the process of art, and the thought must be realized in such a manner that no clumsiness of execution or technical inadequacy may disturb the impression which the artist would convey. Utterly dead to this truth, ignoring nature, and working exclusively from thought to thought, the German artists always fail of their effects. Gigantic systems of mythology and philosophy flow in mathematically symmetrical groups of figures from their brain; crises in the world's history, or allegorical representations of ethnological theories and the powers of nature, fill their vast cartoons; but through them all we look in vain for originality, life, power, imagination, or beauty.

This condemnation may seem sweeping. But let us take each point in detail, and see how Kaulbach and Cornelius will stand the test. We have hinted before that technical and anatomical perfection is quite indispensable to a school so absolutely eclectic. This is the quality which renders the works of Guido and the Carracci tolerable, and enables us to place them side by side with the pictures of earlier and more original artists. The modern German school lacks it altogether. It neither understands the use of the brush nor deigns to study the human form. The frescoes from the *Iliad* which Cornelius designed for the Glyptothek at Munich will illustrate this radical defect. Their action is violent, but no variety of attitude, no true and startling exhibition of anatomical skill such as Giulio Romano and Buonarroti wielded, renders this violence endurable. The heroes scowl, and frown, and stride; but each is like the other, with wooden legs and arms writhed into impossible positions, conventional muscles starting on their limbs and backs, and eyes that scatter melodramatic lightning from their rolling orbs. The naked figure of one of Hecuba's daughters fallen at her feet is perhaps the bathos of these frescoes. Only the back is visible, if back it can be called which has absolutely no bone or definite outline, and over whose red-brick-coloured surface meander sinuous brown lines to mimic folds of flesh.

Again, with the high pretensions of this school to profound philosophical views of history and of the world, some advance upon the old symbols of the Creation and the Judgment might have been expected. But we enter the Ludwigs Kirche, and see before us a frigid cento from Orcagna, Michel Angelo, and Luca Signorelli, in its proper place above the altar; while upon the roof the ancient form of the Creator Mundi, with the Jovine curls that classic Buonarroti gave him and Raffaele copied, appears dividing light from darkness, and pointing to the sun and moon in heaven, just as he is doing in the Sistine Chapel or in Raffaele's Bible. No new intuition into the deep secrets of man's heart, no fresh dramatic realization of the terror of all terrors, has been brought before us in the picture of the Judgment. Its only point of originality is the form of an ugly scowling Satan, sitting crowned and sceptred, in true German style, among the naked devils and spirits of the damned. The incongruity of his introduction

among so many familiar forms—when we expect the hairy fiend of Spinello Aretino, or some ghastly shape, ram-horned, hawk-clawed, and tiger-toothed—is no sign of original conception, but of bad taste. These strictures might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Nowhere do we find anything new throughout the Munich frescoes except a studied ugliness of colour. This cannot have come by chance. It must have taken any artist very long to acquire such a hard, monotonous style of execution, and to conceive such discords of combined hues. Exception may perhaps be made in favour of the mild Hess. His decoration of the All Saints' Chapel is tender in sentiment and even warm in colour. There is a meek starlight about all he paints, but we seek in vain for strength.

If the modern German painters do not understand the beauty of colour, neither have they any power of creating beauty of form. Whether it is that they despise it, or that all their models are without exception hard, and gross, and vulgar, one thing is certain—their men are devoid of dignity and repose, their women of grace or loveliness. What Cornelius calls a goddess seems to us a truculent, ruddy-checked, thick-ankled Bavarian wench. His girls are fat and round, and entirely without expression. And, what is worse, they are all alike. How these painters can have lived so long in Italy, how they can have studied Greek and Florentine art, and yet have remained so entirely incapable of producing any form to please the eye is almost inconceivable—particularly when we reflect that Retsch's exquisite representation of Margaret in *Faust* is the work of a contemporary German. Conceited academicism and foolish ideal fancies ruined these artists, who were too indolent to carry out their own theories into practice. If any one would take an instance of what ugly forms the finest subjects suggested to their fancy, let him examine Cornelius' designs for Romeo's death. Juliet there is a full-blown German woman of five-and-twenty, without individuality, without life, without a touch of Shakspeare in her stout, stiff face and limbs.

This brings us to another defect of the modern German artists—their inability to represent profound passion, or to touch the soul with horror. They never seem to have grasped a subject in its depth—to have felt it, and then tried to put such lines upon their canvas as shall make the spectator feel it too. The elements of such an effect may be both few and simple. What is less complicated than the pathos of Scheffer's Margaret at the Spinning-wheel, or than the horror of death in Raffaele's Ananias? But Cornelius and Kaulbach have no notion of anything so natural. Is a terrible subject to be represented? Then provide a huge canvas, collect starting eyes, strained fists, dishevelled hair; heap up writhing legs and outstretched arms; let every dress be torn, and every cheek be ghastly white and dabbled; roll thunders from above, and shake the earth beneath; if possible, bring in the sea, with hungry surging billows; and when your apparatus is collected, mass it altogether, omitting the central idea in a vague melodrama of monotonous passion, and wearying the eye with constant repetition of unmeaning misery. This recipe suits many German paintings, but it is especially applicable to Schorn's picture of the Deluge. In order to understand how completely it fails of its effect, we might compare it with Raffaele's or Poussin's picture on the same subject, in which a few figures, by the despair of their expression and the dreariness of the scenery around them, do more to bring the terror of the Deluge home to us than all the battered idols and hideous incidents that Schorn has crowded on his rocky island.

Lastly, let us mention the bad taste of the modern German artists. This is principally shown in the fascination which kingly smiles and patronage exert over them. The Loggie of the Old Pinacothek, which were meant by Cornelius to represent a history of art, really contain nothing but dramatic scenes illustrative of kings and popes paying attention to painters. The same spirit is observable in Kaulbach's frescoes on the exterior of the New Pinacothek; but their special want of taste consists in the hideous and vulgar merriment with which they abound. An elephant dancing a hornpipe is not more ungainly than Kaulbach attempting a jest. Imagine the grossest mixture of ancient mythology and modern slang—three German professors, in green coats and spectacles, mounted upon Pegasus, and tilting against a Cerberus, whose heads represent French academicians in periwigs, spitting venom, and grotesquely wrinkling up their withered countenances—and you have a sample of this allegorical triumph of good taste over the false canons of the last century. Still less can any praise be awarded to the modern German landscape paintings. At best, they are a feeble echo of the English school—at worst, a feeble echo of the French; crude and cold, untrue to nature, lifeless, yet exaggerated and full of sickly sentiment. On the walls of the New Pinacothek there hang landscapes which even our Royal Academy would reject from its annual exhibitions; and this year's international "Kunstausstellung" yields nothing but woolly snow-pieces, green moonlights, and tawny-coloured sunsets, of the kind which we call "furniture pictures."

Though we pass so severe a judgment upon the German school as represented by Cornelius and his followers, we must not forget to mention the beginnings of a truer art revealed to us in the works of those painters who have entirely separated themselves from that clique. The picture by Piloty, of "Nero amid the Ruins of Rome," will be remembered by all who visited the International Exhibition of last year for its real originality, and its dramatic though exaggerated vigour. In the Pinacothek at Munich there is a fine picture of the "Dead Wallenstein" by the same artist, which, for

the depth and beauty of its tone, the dignity of its conception, and the care of its execution, forms a most pleasing contrast to the violent and ill-digested sketches of Cornelius. Nor is the "Judith" of Riedel without great merit. Here, too, we notice the superiority of an ideal drawn from nature over one that has been mathematically studied in the artist's thought. Judith, though heroic in her attitude and proportions, reminds us even too much of some actual Contadina of the Roman plains. This defect is the sign of a healthy tendency—a return to nature from the academic stiffness and affected purism of German taste.

The true lamentation of the art student after wandering through Munich is poured forth, not over the errors of Cornelius, but over the future prospects of art. Seeing in Munich the result of a most enlightened patronage and a most enthusiastic effort, he naturally asks himself—Will modern art ever have such a chance again? Or, having had such a chance, and having used it thus, has she not confessed her entire incapability of original creation? It would seem that nothing new was left for the world to produce within the sphere of beauty. Spaces of ground can be covered only in three ways—by horizontal beams on upright posts, by rounded, and by pointed arches. The Greek, the Roman, and the Teutonic nations have severally exhausted all the changes which these architectural methods admit. Nothing is left for us but to understand them all, and imitate. So, too, the embodiments of thought in stone or in colour seem stereotyped to certain forms. We cannot fly beyond them. Fresh types, fresh symbols, there are none. New subjects and modern positions may be sought; but the same old curves, the same conventional draperies, the same features render their novelty of matter a mere monotony of form. The religion which animated early modern art has passed beyond the realm of sculpture and of painting. Henceforth we must be content to study, remember, and explain. And for this purpose Munich, as we have said before, remains an interesting and instructive museum of the past. Nor must we omit to notice the real benefit which has been conferred on European taste by the technical excellence of all that has been produced at Munich, and by the successful application of polychrome to the internal decoration of buildings. On these two points a true and lasting impulse has been communicated to the arts, and its utility is already being demonstrated throughout Germany. We English might well take a lesson from the buildings of Munich, considered simply as harmonious and suitable treasures of art. Our own British Museum, though the works of interest which it enshrines are vastly greater and more numerous than those which grace the Glyptothek, appears a poor and dingy barn beside the spacious halls, well-lighted corridors, and frescoed antechambers of the Bavarian Museum. Nor even in ecclesiastical and civil architecture does Munich teach us nothing. The Church of St. Bonifazius might be selected as typical of the agreeable adaptation of colour to a light and graceful style, while the Lombard front of the Library is no bad pattern for great public offices, or scientific and literary institutions.

## REVIEWS.

RACHEL RAY.\*

MR. TROLLOPE is quite a young lady's man. He devotes himself to painting the agitations, the difficulties, the tenderness, the dismay, and the happiness of the young female heart, and a natural insight and long practice enable him to succeed. His young women are capital—very like real young women, and yet distinct, ingenuous, and interesting. *Rachel Ray* is merely a story about a young lady, and it is a story of a very simple kind. The whole action is condensed within six months. The hero is introduced at the outset, and the young lady falls in love with him at once. The only hitch that arises is due to the circumspicion of a neighbouring clergyman, an old family friend, who suggests that the engagement should not be permitted until the gentleman's means are clearly ascertained. In a month or two he is enabled to put all doubts at rest by setting up a brewery, and then the difficulties are over, and the young people marry and are happy. Mr. Trollope, therefore, has not much straw to make his bricks with, but he has taught himself to turn out a brick that really does almost without straw, and is a very good saleable brick of its kind. Even a young woman whose unhappiness is caused by her lover not setting up a brewery fast enough may have many anxious moments and display many fine feelings. Her love-making may have as deep an inner interest of its own as if it were going to end in her lover falling in a forlorn hope; and a novelist whose strength lies in imagining and representing how young women feel and behave when something a little out of the way happens to them can easily make something out of any heroine in any position. Rachel Ray has a mother and a sister, the former weak-minded and the latter strong-minded. The mother is deeply interested in Rachel's little affair, and longs to countenance it as much as she dare; but the strong-minded sister is against all young men on principle, as she considers them wolves, and she wishes the possible brewer sent about his business. The first volume shows how Rachel, impelled by an unacknowledged love, defies her domineering sister, and says Yes to the future brewer with her mother's sanction; but her mother then gets uncomfort-

\* *Rachel Ray*. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.



able, and is guided, or misguided, by the old clergyman into ordering Rachel to return a very stiff, cold answer to the first love-letter she receives. The second volume recounts the brewer's wrath, his establishment in business, his relenting to Rachel, and the final acquiescence of the domineering sister in the marriage. Those who know Mr. Trollope's art will easily guess how many conflicting emotions are felt by Rachel on receipt of the love-letter, during the time before the answer is decided on and after it has been sent. So far as we can guess, it seems to us very probable that a young woman so placed as Rachel Ray would act and feel very much as she is represented as acting and feeling. There is a brisk market for descriptions of the inner life of young women, and Mr. Trollope is the chief agent in supplying the market. This sample is quite up to the mark, and that is all that need be said of it or can be said of it. But then it must be remembered that, to supply this peculiar market creditably, a novelist must not only have the gift of writing and the gift of devising imaginary characters; he must also have tact, and discretion, and a gentlemanly taste. It is because Mr. Trollope has all these in a high degree that his young women are successful.

Mr. Trollope has two minor strings to his bow besides this main one of depicting the feelings of girls. He delights in drawing portraits of vulgar or shabby-genteel life, and he also loves to sketch different types of clergymen. There is a vulgar family in *Rachel Ray*, and there are two or three clergymen, and more especially there is a Mr. Prong. We confess that we are a little wearied of these clerical people, and although clergymen of the Prong type are much better in fiction than in real life, yet there may be too much of them in novels, however cunningly they may be described. Mr. Prong is a hard-working, zealous, vulgar, soft, oily man, who preaches "the gospel," and firmly believes that every one except himself and a few women of his flock are virtually condemned already. There are plenty of men like this in England in whom, of course, an optimist philosophy can see many virtues and a special use, but whom it is desirable, if possible, never to see, speak to, or think of. Nor do we even like to read of them. There is, indeed, something comic in the love-making which Mr. Prong offers to Rachel Ray's domineering sister, Mrs. Prime, and in the battles between them on the great point whether the lady is to have all her money settled on herself. We have no doubt that if a man of this sort were trying to marry a widow with a little fortune, and if he were anxious to have her money under his control, he would talk as Mr. Prong talks, and clothe his purpose under a mass of verbiage about "greater usefulness in the vineyard," and so forth. It is also very probable that Mr. Trollope is quite right in intimating that such a man need not be a hypocrite, and that there may be nothing very bad about him but his language. Mr. Prong is not an unfair representation of the lower order of clergymen in provincial towns. But the accuracy of the portrait does not make it pleasant to study it. The foolish language, the pert fanaticism, and the little petty tricks of the worst class of Evangelical clergy are not things that it is agreeable to study; and whatever there is of comic in them is soon exhausted, unless a glaring exaggeration of every symptom is used by the author to spice his description.

The Tappitts, who form the vulgar family of this novel, are only moderately successful. They are the established brewers of the town near which Rachel Ray lives; and the enterprising lover, when he, too, turns brewer, forces them to leave and retire on an annuity. The Tappitts go on in a very prosaic way. They first take up the young man who wishes to brew, because the mother hopes to marry him to one of her daughters; and she gives an evening party, in which he shines as a sort of hero of the house. But when it is obvious to all men that he is in love with Rachel Ray, the Tappitts turn against him, and Tappitt himself is furious beyond measure. The fun lies in the mode in which, after she has made up her mind that the best thing Tappitt can do is to retire, Mrs. Tappitt brings over her husband to her opinion. The fun is rather broad, for the final scene of her triumph is one in which Tappitt comes home drunk from an election dinner, and is put to bed by her, and partly through shame, and partly by having his clothes taken from him and so being forced to lie in bed, is brought to promise everything she wishes. These scenes in the Tappitt family are tolerably entertaining in their way, and a novelist who can paint vulgarity of this sort while he manages to inspire a constant conviction that he himself is not in the least vulgar, can do what very few people could do. Still, the humour of a henpecked, drunken country brewer is not of a very fascinating or elevated kind. *Rachel Ray* is poor when compared with Mr. Trollope's best works. It seems thin and slight, and about nothing, when judged by that standard. But it is never bad, and never dull, and is full of things which no one but Mr. Trollope could have written. It is his mission to keep on writing for ever about the inner life of girls, and the clergy, and vulgar families, and he always does it well. But sometimes he does it very well indeed, and sometimes only well; and *Rachel Ray* is an instance of the latter kind of success.

Mr. Trollope has, in fact, established his novels as the novels of the day, and his is the picture of English life which, for a brief space at least, will be accepted as the true one by those who wish to see English life represented in fiction. It is impossible to say that the picture is wanting either in truth or in vigour. It comes quite as near the real thing as either of its two immediate prede-

cessors—the family novel of Miss Yonge and the satirical novel of Mr. Thackeray. And yet those specimens of art were true enough to their originals. Country families of mild ecclesiastical principles, and living under circumstances which permitted a certain amount of enthusiasm to be found in the young ladies, were exceedingly like the families that appeared in the school of fiction to which Miss Yonge has given her name. Clubs were exceedingly like what Mr. Thackeray represented them to be—full of snobs, full of pretension, full of little exhibitions of petty selfishness. The different worlds that Mr. Thackeray revealed to us—the world of flunkies, and the world of artists, and the world of briefless barristers—were all photographed from life by a keen observer, who had been provided by practice and native ingenuity with the best of instruments. Mr. Trollope's novels also are true, but they are not more true; and all these different delineations of English life, each true in their kind and degree, make us feel what an inexhaustible thing the representation of any social life must be, and how slight is the truth to which a true representation attains. There is a vanity and a weariness even in truth of minute description. It seems as if it could hardly be worth while for an able man to go on, year after year, working off little likenesses, more or less exact, of provincial brewers retiring from business and of other provincial brewers coming into business. There is something unsatisfactory even in noticing for ever the shades of character which a young woman can display when she gets her first love-letter. It may seem rather hard that critics should read Mr. Trollope's novels and enjoy them, and then abuse them for being what they are. But this is, we believe, the exact combination of feelings which they would awaken in many minds. They are entertaining and very clever, but there is a satiety attending not only Mr. Trollope's representations of ordinary life, but all such representations, whoever may be the author. We wish fiction would do something for us besides giving us these accurate likenesses of the common run of those whom we see or know. We may hope that the next fashion in fiction will take us to something more exciting and poetical than the domestic sorrows of brewers' wives, although, while the present fashion lasts, we own that Mr. Trollope shows great skill in the mode in which he supplies the article in demand.

#### BISHOP REGINALD PECOCK.\*

BISHOP PECOCK'S writings are interesting for the conditions under which he wrote, even more than for the intrinsic quality of his thought and language. He was a remarkable writer for his time, but the position which he took up was more remarkable still. In every age, and in every controversy, there are men who excite our curiosity to know how they will deal with the questions before them. Their circumstances, or their known ways of thinking, bar them from the received fashions adopted by the ordinary disputants on either side; and remembering what they are committed to, and what they have conceded, we look for what they will make of their difficulties with something of the feeling with which we look for the answer to a puzzle. Bishop Peacock, as a thinker, was before most of his contemporaries. He was a man of the greatest literary activity, whose efforts to popularize both strict reasoning and theology, as well as his shrewdness and dialectical skill, his habit of referring perpetually to his own works, and the imputations both of shallowness and of heterodoxy which were brought against him by the religious parties of the time, suggest the parallel of another Oriel prelate, the late Archbishop Whately. And yet Peacock's whole energy and his varied writings were devoted to defending everything as it stood in the then state of the Church of England. What were commonly and fiercely assailed as abuses by popular reformers, and timidly and lamely excused by commonplace apologists, he broadly and boldly accepted and justified on large grounds of common sense. Non-preaching and non-resident bishops, images and pilgrimages, the wealth and pomp and power of the clergy—all that seemed to ordinary men the weak points, the untenable and doomed positions of the established state of things—he was ready to show were the most reasonable, the most natural, the most advantageous usages and arrangements that could be. He had no difficulty in giving the clear reason on which each rested, and in showing that the objections to each were largely outweighed by its practical advantages. The result, as to his fortunes and memory, was curious. The party for whom he drew his conclusions turned upon him furiously on account of the principles on which he based his conclusions. The party against whom the labours of his life had been directed claimed him afterwards, in spite of his conclusions, as one of their earliest and most ill-used confessors. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops and theologians for whom he had argued against laymen and Lollards, tried, condemned, and degraded him, burnt his books, and joined his name with that of Lollards in abjuration oaths and tests against heresy. The early Protestants celebrated the name of the ablest and most original maintainer, in his day, of the whole cause of mediæval Popery, as one of their staunchest champions. The Commissioners of Henry VI., the Bishop of St. Asaph, and twenty doctors, declare that "the damnable doctrine

\* *The Repressor of over much Blaming of the Clergy.* By Reginald Peacock, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester. Edited by Churchill Babington, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London: Longman & Co. 1860.

and pestiferous sect of Reynold Peacock exceedeth in malice and horribility all other heresies and sects of heretics to us heretofore known by hearing and writing." Bale and Foxe talk of "Reynold Peacock, afflicted and tormented by the false bishops for his godliness and profession of the Gospel." And yet it was to defend these "false bishops" against the ignorant and illogical blaming of the "Bible-men," and to resist the intrusion of lay judgment and popular opinion into a province of discussion belonging, as he maintained, to clerks and divines, that Peacock wrote his chief work, the *Repressor of over much Blaming of the Clergy*, which Mr. Babington has edited for the Master of the Rolls with great care and abundant helps for the study of the work.

Peacock's position was the not uncommon one of a clever and keen-sighted man placed in the midst of a system of which he is too shrewd not to perceive the weak points, but unable to see his way to anything better, and even more disgusted with the vulgar objections to it, and dismayed at the prospect of its overthrow, than he is perplexed with its real abuses or difficulties. The Church, as it stood, was strong in the fact that it existed, and that it was the only known form in which religion had ever been organized, taught, and handed on. He could not see far enough, nor could his imagination serve him, to conceive any other; and if the Church were once undermined and destroyed, what was there to put in its place? If religion, instead of being formalized and settled by clerks and doctors, were left to settle itself by the free collision of opinions, the prospect was anarchy. The only result that he could suppose possible was that "men should accord together in keeping their service to God, as 'doggis' do in a market, when each of them tearth other's coat." And whatever was faulty in the Church, he was far more offended by the popular attacks on it. They raised his indignation as a man of the world, and his scorn as a thinker and reasoner. They were narrow, they were foolish, they were illogical, ignorant, blundering. The world was full of a number of vulgar cries, thoughtless, noisy, and unfair. There was the cry about bishops leaving the old customs of their office, which made them the chief preachers and pastors of their diocese; as if, in an altered and more complicated state of the Church, the practical common sense view of their office were not that anything was their business which concerned the higher interests of the Church, and that they might be quite as usefully employed in the study as in the pulpit. There was the cry about preaching; as if a great number of the "famous and pleasant preachers" were not in reality ignorant and empty-headed "pulpit-bawlers," "great and thick rattlers-out of texts;" and as if what was really wanted were not that sound scholars and divines should write and try to popularize good and accurate reasoning, and teach people to think as well as talk. There was the cry about images and pilgrimages; as if it were not a mere piece of fashion and cant to inveigh against them, without considering what use they were of in keeping up religion among the ignorant masses, and how strong a case might be made out for their lawfulness. Peacock was evidently revolted at the exaggerations of vulgar controversy, many of which were common to opposite religious parties—to the party represented by the orthodox Oxford Chancellor Gascoigne, as well as to the Lollards. The received accusations, which many people thought so unanswerable, he, with his real sagacity and dialectical vigour and resource, pushed out of the way without ceremony. He accepted and defended all as it stood, but then he claimed the right to accept and defend it in his own way. He did see a fault and blot in the Church and the religion of his time; but the blot which he marked, and which was ever present to his thoughts, was not this or that error or abuse, but the general want of reasonableness of thinking, of the power to judge and conclude accurately and soundly, in the public mind; and what he wanted was, not preaching and exhortation, but popular and exact instruction in religion, and the means to train ordinary people in the art to think and to reason. He had a curious and unbounded confidence in the efficacy of logic. Probably the earliest instance of a plan for writing a popular treatise on logic in English is Peacock's project spoken of in the beginning of the *Repressor*.

His language about Scripture would be as shocking to the ordinary religionist of our time as it must have been to the Lollards, whose doctrines that every law and ordinance binding on a Christian must be grounded on a Bible text, and that any humble Christian man or woman could without fail understand the Bible, he set himself to confute. He lays down, in the first place, that, of the laws and duties which govern man's life, by far the larger portion, including the whole of Christian morality, is grounded on what he calls the "law of kind"—the law of nature and conscience. Scripture exhorts, persuades, recalls, enforces moral truths; but these were written, before Scripture was given and before our Lord preached, in the souls of men, and the only part of the Christian law really grounded on Scripture is the making and using of Christ's sacraments. All the rest is grounded in that "forest of law of kind which God planteth in man's soul when he maketh him to his image and likeness." And, in the next place, he maintains that the only interpreter of what concerns human life, whether it be the "law of kind" or the Scripture, is the judgment, the "doom," of reason. The moral law is not drawn from, but antecedent to, Scripture, which presupposes it. The moral law is, in fact, but scantily set forth in Scripture. Much more is needed for the government of life, which must be got from reason. And even in the case of the Sacraments, the unfolding and methodizing of the

doctrine from the few Scripture texts which are its foundation is the work of reason:—

Certain truths (he says—we venture to modernize the spelling) of law of kind, which Christ and his apostles showed forth to the people, were before in the great sea of law of kind in man's soul, ere Christ and his apostles were born into this life, and therefore it may none otherwise be said and holden but that out of the said sea they took, as by fishing, the truths of law of kind which they taught and preached to the people; and therefore, for no love or reverence to be given to God or to his apostles, or to their writings, is it to be said or felt, that the now-said truths were or are founded and grounded in the sayings and writings of Christ and his apostles.

And again:—

And since it is so—that all the truths of law of kind which Christ and his apostles taught and wrote were before their teaching and writing, and were written before in that solemn inward book or inward writing of reason's doom passing all outward books in profit to man to serve God—it must needs follow that none of the said truths is grounded in the words or writings of Christ and his apostles, but in the said precious inward book and writing buried in man's soul, out of which inward book and writing might be taken, by labour and studying of clerks, more conclusions and truths and governances of law of kind, and of God's moral law and service, than might be written in so many books which should fill the great church of St. Paul in London.

We add another remarkable passage. He is speaking of those who would not allow any ordinance to be the law and service of God, unless it were grounded in Holy Scripture:—

As though they should praise and worship therein God the more, and please God the more, that they apprise so much Holy Scripture. For wite they well, without any doubt, that God is neither praised, neither worshipped, neither pleased, by untruth or by leasing. If any man make of Holy Scripture and apprise it, even as truth is, and no more than truth is, God is therein pleased; and if any man will make of Holy Scripture or of any creature in heaven or in earth more than truth is that it be made of and appraised, God is therein displeased. And further thus: If any man be feared lest he trespass to God if he make over little of Holy Scripture, which is the outward writing of the Old Testament and of the New, I ask if he is not afeared lest he make over little and apprise over little the inward Scripture of the before spoken law of kind, written by God himself in man's soul, when he made man's soul to his image and likeness?

And he lays down that, if there is any seeming discord between the word written in the outward book of Scripture and "the doom of reason" written in man's soul, the text of Scripture ought to be interpreted and brought into accord with the "doom of reason," and not the "doom of reason" glossed and brought into accord with the outward writing of Scripture. It is a rule which in practice is applied without difficulty, even in the Sermon on the Mount, to such precepts as "Swear not at all," "Give to him that asketh," and those about not "resisting evil." And all that Peacock says about the relation of reason and the "law of kind" to Scripture may amount merely to a statement of what experience shows to be the simple matter of fact. No one can move a step from the text of Scripture, to understand it or to apply it, without being thrown at once on the resources of reason and the antecedent truths and rules of conscience; and in the actual work of life these necessarily fill the largest place. A man cannot read a chapter or write a sermon without giving the chief work to reason; it is the living mind which supplies the greatest portion of the materials from its own stores of thought and knowledge. It is simply contradicting experience to try to make the Bible do what it cannot do; and it cannot by itself cover that infinite field of moral action and duty to which the only thing that corresponds is that Divine gift of reason and conscience which the Bible was given, not to supersede, but to correct, and stimulate, and guide. Peacock probably only meant to limit extravagant and absurd ways of describing the authority of the Bible. But he threw what he had to say into the shape of general rules, and general rules about complicated subjects are apt to be slippery, delusive, or harshly one-sided. His own ambitious generalization on the relation of Christian morality to Scripture is a manifest over-statement. It is only true with distinctions which he does not give. But the curious thing is, that all this free way of speaking of the Bible was a premiss to the conclusion that the laity had best leave the Bible alone. Peacock's language would undoubtedly suit a highly liberal theory of the foundations of religious knowledge; and, taken with some other deviations of his from received opinions—his denial of the canonicity of the Apocrypha, his insisting on the necessity of looking to the context to ascertain the meaning of Scripture words which it was the fashion to quote as isolated texts, and his grounding articles of faith on Scripture only—his views of the relation of reason to Scripture might seem to imply, at the time when they were propounded, a revolutionary purpose or bias. But it was nothing of the kind. The conclusion to which he meant to come was the monopoly, at any rate for the present, of a learned clergy in all matters of religion. He meant to array, against the pretensions of the laity to deal with the Bible by themselves, the great traditional body of moral and philosophical doctrine which was in the custody of the clergy and the Universities. He magnified the importance of the "doom of reason," and the "great sea of the law of kind;" but he thought that, by doing so, he magnified the paramount authority and importance of the only class of men whom he could conceive capable of adequate knowledge and philosophical argument.

Peacock was a man with his eyes open amid narrow but earnest enthusiasts, whose simple devotion to their convictions gives them an historical interest which he cannot command. They chose their side and took the consequences—chose it, perhaps, rather in the dark, but took the consequences with a manful and whole heart. Peacock saw a great deal more than they did, but did not succeed in playing his part as well. He tried to get



beyond words and opinions, to what was real in things. He was offended and made indignant by so much that was shallow, and coarse, and vulgar in the common ways of carrying on the disputes of the time. But he was apt to make the mistake of judging the real strength of a cause by the weak arguments of its partisans; and if they commonly blundered, he was often a sophist. He felt the difficulties of strong assertions. He gave up infallibility for probability, and found the greatest mark of falsehood in Mahometanism in this—that it forbade dispute or argument about itself. He suffered himself to learn that most things have several sides, and he tried to see and to estimate these various sides. Accordingly, he was avowedly, in many of his works, a tentative writer, and spoke in his later books of what he had written in his earlier ones without sufficient consideration. He has been called vain for referring so continually to his own productions; but it ought to be remembered that he laid great stress on popularizing divinity in a sound and accurate form, and that his own books were the only instances of what he was aiming at. But a man may see many sides so clearly and so long that he cannot choose any one—that he may bewilder himself about the real point at issue, and find it impossible to settle in a reasonable and honest conclusion. Pecoek seems to have been confused in the end by the ease and variety with which ideas and arguments came before him. At last he could not trust himself to any, and when persecution made him think himself wrong and his views mistaken, he gave them up in a craven kind of way. A man who ends with this self-distrust and self-abandonment is not one who, in England, wins respect and sympathy. And yet Pecoek, in his dreary prison cell at Thorney, shut up for seeing more clearly and speaking more distinctly than his brethren whom he wished to defend, is not the least sad instance of the difficulties of life in those times.

Pecoek's fate is simply an instance, among the many of which the curious and instructive history of controversies is full, that people do not like to be defended except in their own way. The sure instinct of a party, which is constantly far out of proportion to its power of expressing and enforcing its thoughts, detects in the new mode of argument elements more certainly fatal, in the long run, to its doctrines than anything in the current objections to them. The broad and sweeping principle by which the whole question is raised to a higher level, above the petty details and paltry wranglings of cavillers and apologists, is felt to involve much more than the apparent victory for which it has been used. The Lollards set up the authority of Scripture against the authority of the Church. Pecoek turned the tables upon them, and challenged the extent and value of the authority of Scripture, compared with the authority of reason and the law of conscience, in the public and private government of human life. He was so manifestly in earnest in upholding and popularizing the ecclesiastical system as he had received it, and in making the best of everything as it was, that he cannot be suspected of any ulterior views, either practical or theoretical, in laying down, as he does in the *Repressor*, the office of reason, and claiming for it so large and sovereign a function in religion. He did but employ a principle which commended itself to his vigorous and argumentative mind as the most convenient one to cut off at a blow the coarse and clumsy but yet embarrassing objections which the Lollards urged out of texts of the Bible, ill-understood and ill-applied. But both parties saw in these reasonings the introduction of something by which in due time change might come. He was felt to be virtually an arguer against authority and established things, though, as it happened in this case, he was opposing what he thought bad arguments against them. His "short and easy way" with the Lollards might cut away the Bible from under them; but it cut away the Bible from the Church too, and it left them the wide and open field of reason. The orthodox party naturally enough took alarm. They had been accustomed to appeal to the Bible in much the same way as the Lollards, though perhaps, in general, with more knowledge and intelligence. The dispute had changed from the interpretation of the authority to the nature and extent of the authority itself. Their language in answer to Pecoek affords a curious comment on the popular opinion that it is a peculiarity of Roman Catholic controversialists to undervalue Scripture. The Augustinian monk John De Bury, who was set to reply to the main arguments of the *Repressor* when Archbishop Bouchier was judging and condemning its author, speaks of the Bible exactly as a modern Evangelical divine might do. There is the same honest and hearty zeal for its paramount sacredness, the same frequent confusion of thought and *ignoratio elenchi* in the manner of arguing about it. The truth is, that the time for clear thinking, and comprehensive and adequate handling, on this great subject had not yet come; and it is to the credit of the good feeling, if not of the intellectual penetration of the English clergy, that they refused to be defended on Pecoek's grounds, and to give up their ideas about the Bible even to gain a point over the Lollards, whose most telling weapon it was. They felt that for an argumentative advantage he was giving up what was most religious in religion itself; while, on the other hand, the Lollards—feeling that his main principle was as good for them as for any one else, though he had in fact used it against them, and no doubt choosing to believe that one whom their enemies had persecuted must be on their side—took their keenest and most unsympathizing censurer into their roll of saints.

## THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.\*

A SOVEREIGN Order at once military and monastic, bound by the same three vows as a Benedictine, but bound withal to wield carnal weapons, and invested with the government of a territory and its inhabitants as a fief from a temporal King, is one of the oddest combinations which ever came forth even from among the strange complications of rights and powers which distinguished the middle ages. But it is almost stranger to see the once sovereign Order, sovereign no longer, going about the world like a corporate James II., seeking for some one to rule over and some one to fight against. Few people probably are aware that the Knights of St. John still exist, and it would be more honourable for the Order if it did not exist. The Order has, in its day, been great and glorious, and really useful to Christendom. But the days of its greatness and its usefulness passed away, and all that was left for it was to end gloriously. When its island was wantonly attacked by the French Republicans, the last Grand-Master should have died in the breach like the last Byzantine Emperor, and the name of the Order should have become henceforth as purely a matter of history as the dynasty of the Paleologi. The Order would then have fallen with an end worthy of its beginning. But it was a low thing to prolong corporate life by an ignominious surrender, and to spend that life in watching for some favourable moment at the hands of princes and of diplomatic Congresses, and in debating the possibility of undertaking the suppression of the slave-trade or the defence of the Papal dominions, or of once more returning to their old home and defending Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem. We may be tolerably sure that, whatever surprises the future may have in store for us, we shall hardly see the revival of a society of military monks as one of the sovereign Powers of Europe. Jesuits and Franciscans may not unlikely have their turn again, but the world must roll back further than it is in the habit of rolling before a new career opens for the Knights of St. John.

There is something half ridiculous, half melancholy, in the state of things set forth in the little volume before us. There is something grotesque about an uncrowned and wandering Order, but it is really more respectable than an uncrowned and wandering King. Its strivings after restoration may be as little likely to obtain success, and it may be as undesirable that they should obtain success, as any strivings of Otho or Francis after the thrones which they have lost. Still there is something not so purely selfish and personal in the yearnings of the fallen Order after its ancient estate—something which one is inclined to respect, even while one can hardly help laughing at it. The Order, when it fell, had outlived its day, but it fell by reason of no particular crime of its own. The act by which it was overthrown was the unprovoked aggression of an unprincipled adventurer, and the Knights were certainly buoyed up by promises from more than one great European Power which were not destined, perhaps not intended, to be fulfilled. The Order, as an immortal corporation, has really something to say for itself; the only wonder is that the immortal corporation still exists. What inducement there can be now-a-days to lead anybody to become a Knight of St. John is something quite beyond our power of guessing.

The chief historical facts to be found in Chevalier De Montagnac's book are also to be found in the English history of the Order published by Major Whitworth Porter in 1858. Major Porter's work is really valuable as a history of the Order, though some unlucky fate made him begin his book with an overflow of fine writing which let out that he believed that Pheidias lived after Alexander, and that all the art and civilization of Greece were brought over from conquered Persia. But it is curious to see the same story told with the corporate feelings of a Knight of the Order than with the more *ab extra* view of a British officer, and the Chevalier naturally tells us more of the present state of the Order than the Major does. His history, strictly speaking, begins with the short and inglorious reign of the last Grand-Master, Ferdinand von Hompesch. He was elected in 1797, chiefly, it would seem, to propitiate a personage whom the Chevalier calls "l'Empereur d'Autriche"—how odd it is that people will thus antedate the invention of the most grotesque of titles!—the Order just then greatly needing a protector, as it had lately lost all its possessions in France and within the conquests of the French Republic. The Knights had also secured another Imperial friend in the Czar Paul, one of whose eccentricities was a special love for the Order. Paul increased their possessions within his dominions at the price of concessions to himself and his schismatic subjects at which the old Grand-Masters would surely have scrupled. The Polish branch of the Order was to be thrown open to members of the Orthodox Church. But two distant Emperors were not enough to maintain a chief whom our Chevalier describes as

Un homme sans énergie, sans courage, sans moyens, incapable surtout de faire face aux périls de la situation.

Buonaparte, on his way to Egypt, easily picked a quarrel with the Order, and under such a commander, with an internal quarrel moreover raging between the French and Spanish Knights, their island proved an easy conquest. Whether the Grand-Master actually sold his post we do not pretend to say; certain it is that he did his best to take care of himself in the capitulation. The Republic was to try to get him a Principality in Germany—as

\* *Histoire des Chevaliers Hospitaliers de Saint-Jean de Jérusalem, appelés depuis Chevaliers de Rhodes, et aujourd'hui Chevaliers de Malte.* Par Eliaz De Montagnac, Chevalier dudit Ordre et de l'Ordre de Saint-Grégoire-le-Grand. Paris: Aubry. 1863.

Henry VIII. gave some Abbots private estates as a reward for surrendering their Abbeys—and, failing that, to give him 600,000 francs down, and a pension of 300,000 francs yearly. Private Knights were to get only 700, or 1,000 if they were sixty years old. It is some comfort to think that the Grand-Master got no principality, and indeed no money, after one payment of 100,000 francs. Major Porter gives the story at much greater length than Chevalier De Montagnac, but they quite agree in the estimate which they form of the unlucky Hompesch. He presently resigned his office—the details are given by Major Porter—in favour of a strange successor, no other than the Czar himself, the exigency of the times, we suppose, causing the manifold objections to a married schismatic to be forgotten. Paul became Grand-Master; the Pope approved his election, and authorized the establishment of a Grand-Priory of the Orthodox faith in the Russian Empire. Paul's object now was the recovery of Malta, but England forestalled him, and drove out the French intruders. By the terms of the Peace of Amiens, the Knights, no longer with an Emperor for their Grand-Master, were to have their island restored to them. One may doubt whether this was a wise provision; but anyhow, when the promise was made, the Knights had a fair ground for complaint that it was not carried out. It is amusing to compare the different terms in which this matter is touched on by the British Major and by the Knight of St. John. Major Porter says:—

The Treaty of Amiens contemplated the restoration of the Order of St. John, under a new and more restricted footing, but ere the provision of that short-lived treaty could be carried into effect, which, indeed, the British Governor, who was far-sighted enough to anticipate the early rupture of the peace, was in no hurry to accomplish, war again broke out, and the English retained the hold which they had gained upon this, the most powerful fortress in the Mediterranean.

On this occasion it is the Chevalier De Montagnac who tells the story at length, partly in his own words, partly in those of M. Thiers, with ample citation of official documents, and with a reference to the opinions of Mr. Goldwin Smith. The Reverend and Valiant Knight—we believe that, or something like it, is the proper style—clearly does not love us; he is, however, candid enough to acknowledge that we were not the only sinners, but that France, Europe in general, and the Order itself, must all come in for a share in the blame:—

Le lion britannique tenait Malte, trop belle proie pour qu'il s'avisât de la lâcher, s'il pouvait jamais être tenté de lâcher une proie quelconque, même en présence de traités les plus formels.

Il y avait, du côté de l'Angleterre, une violation flagrante de toute espèce de droit public; mais la faute première n'était-elle pas au premier conquérant de Malte et ensuite à la négligence de notre diplomatie?

And again:—

Les quatre puissances contractantes, après avoir déclaré que l'île de Malte devait être rendue à l'Ordre reconstruit et rester indépendante, donnaient cette même île à l'Angleterre, qui l'avait occupée arbitrairement jusque-là, au mépris des traités, et cela sans consulter l'Ordre, sans lui offrir l'ombre d'une compensation!

N'était-ce pas consacrer la plus flagrante des iniquités, la violation de toute espèce de droits? N'était-ce pas se faire complices de l'Angleterre?

Undoubtedly, as a question between Power and Power, the Order brings a charge against England which it is not easy to answer. But it is possible to look at the matter in another light. None of the Powers who have dealt with the question since the days of Charles V. seem to have bestowed a thought on those who are, after all, most concerned—namely, the native inhabitants of Malta. As an independent Maltese State could not exist, as there is no kindred Kingdom ready to annex it—for this odd community of Christian Arabs has surely no natural connexion with Italy—the island cannot help being a dependency of somebody. And, if it is fated to be a dependency, we cannot help thinking that it is likely to have prospered more as a dependency of England than it could have done as a dependency of France or of Naples, or as the dwelling-place of the Sovereign Order of St. John.

Our Chevalier continues the history of the deposed Order in the Pontifical States under several Grand-Masters down to the present day. It now numbers four Grand Priorates—those of Rome, Lombardy and Venice, the Two Sicilies, and Bohemia. Noble blood, strictly proved, is required of all candidates for the higher ranks of the Order; but, while a German Knight is not admitted without the proof of his full sixteen quarterings, it is enough if an Italian can make out four. How would these knotty questions be solved in the case of an Englishman, in whose veins ducal and plebeian blood run so fair a chance of being mingled? This at once suggests the question, which even Major Porter thinks should be in some way decisively settled, whether there are any lawful Knights of St. John in England. The Chevalier De Montagnac seems to admit that there are, though he cuts the matter rather short:—

En Angleterre, il existe déjà un hôpital de Saint-Jean de Jérusalem, desservi par des chevaliers de l'Ordre et des sœurs portant la croix.

Major Porter tells us more about it. The Order was of course suppressed in England under Henry VIII. It was revived under Philip and Mary, and was suppressed again under Elizabeth. The English "language" in the Order thus died out; but in 1782 it was revived in a kind of way by the Grand-Master Rohan, who combined it with that of Bavaria, under the title of the "Anglo-Bavarian language." The point of connexion between England and Bavaria it is not easy to see, unless it is to be found in the fame which attaches to the beer of both countries. Major Porter then goes on to tell us—

The overthrow of the Order generally, by its expulsion from Malta, merely placed all the other languages in the same position as that of England, and did not in any way affect the latter. In the years 1826 and 1827, however, three several instruments of convention were signed in Paris by the languages of France, with the consent of those of Spain and Portugal, authorizing a reorganization of the venerable language of England. In pursuance of this convention, on the 29th of January, 1831, a Chapter of the Knights then forming the English language was held, at which an Envoy Extraordinary was present from the Continental languages, on which occasion the late Sir Robert Peel was elected Grand-Prior of England, and the language regularly re-organized. On the 24th of February, 1834, proceedings were taken before Sir Thomas Denman, Chief Justice of England, when the Grand-Prior formally revived the corporation of the English language, under the royal letters patent of King Philip and Queen Mary, and took the oath "de fidei administratione;" and since that period the vacancies in the dignities of the Order have been regularly filled up.

Then follows a list of baronets, knights, and gentlemen, all with sounding official titles, and of whom we greatly desire to know whether they are all sound in the Catholic faith; whether they are all bound to poverty, chastity, and obedience; whether they spend their days in fighting against the Turks; and, if not, what is the use of them? We should like also to know something more of the proceedings before Chief Justice Denman. How could the Grand-Prior revive the suppressed corporation? It sounds as if, by a simple process in Court, a man might now make himself Abbot of Glastonbury. The Major adds:—

Grave doubts exist as to the legitimacy of this revived branch of the English language. The authorities in supreme governance over the order at Rome deny its validity, and refuse to recognise it as an integral branch of the venerable Order of St. John. It would be well, therefore, if such steps could be taken as should decide the question, and remove the uncertainty which at present exists on the matter.

The Chevalier De Montagnac ends with two chapters on the Knights of St. John in Spain and in Prussia. In Spain, Charles IV. in 1802 "incorporated," as it is delicately put, the temporalities of the Order with the Crown, and made himself Grand-Master within his dominions. The Queen of Spain is still Grand-Mistress, if there be such a title—the Chevalier's exact words are, "Sa Majesté la Reine d'Espagne continue aujourd'hui à occuper la grande-maîtrise"—but the order has now lost its ecclesiastical character. In the Electorate of Brandenburg, the history of the Order has been very odd. A tendency to schisms and secessions displayed itself there very early. Even in 1319, the Brandenburg Knights, on the occasion of a disputed election, separated from the Order, and set up a Grand-Master of their own. The schism was healed in 1382, so far that the Grand-Master of Brandenburg had to be approved by the lawful Grand-Prior of Germany. But, at the Reformation, so many of the Knights became Protestants that the Order was continued as a Protestant Order, with the Elector as its patron and protector. Still this Protestant body strove after union with its Catholic parent, and in 1763 the heretical society was actually recognised as a branch of the Order. But in 1810 the Order was suppressed, and its possessions seized by the Crown. The Royal Prussian Order of St. John, founded in 1812, has, as our Chevalier remarks, nothing in common with the old except its name and part of its insignia.

#### BREAKFAST IN BED.\*

IT would, of course, be wholly incompatible with literary etiquette to call in question the circumstances under which, by his own representation, an author's work has been produced. So long as the reader gets his fair modicum of amusement or edification, he can hardly be thought at liberty to haggle over the form of the bargain, and to suggest cavils as to how much of the framework of the volume may be taken for veritable matter-of-fact, or how much forms part of the fictitious machinery put together for his profit or delectation. It is natural enough for people to call out for having the curtain drawn aside from the picture, but it may be part of the painter's art to make it difficult to determine to what extent the curtain may be, in fact, the picture itself. When we are presented with a series of ingenious, off-hand miscellanies purporting to be the result of "philosophy between the sheets," and bearing the piquant title of *Breakfast in Bed*, we are scarcely justified in insisting on the curtain being drawn aside from the author's writing chamber or bedside, or in sitting down to estimate their degree of merit apart from the special accompaniments of time and place, be they fictitious or real, which set them in so peculiar and fanciful a light. Whether or not there be any intrinsic quality to catch admiration in literary tasks executed under adventitious or extraordinary circumstances of this kind—such as has been supposed to lie in verses thrown off while standing on one leg, or penned with the left hand—is doubtless not so much the question with the writer as whether the taste of readers long ago wearied and *blasés* is likely to be tickled by the queer combination of images which so novel a situation suggests, and by the opportunities of droll and ludicrous hits which it affords to the writer's humour. Whether the recourse to the sheets as the fountain of inspiration be in the present instance actual or imaginary, reasons equally cogent may doubtless be found to justify the adoption of so original and taking a title. There is something, it is well known, in the resupine attitude which, in many cases, without pressing our physiologists for an explanation of the phenomenon, is known to be favourable to the exercise of thought. Be it the result of extra determination of blood to the brain, or of some occult and subtle galvanic action connected with

\* *Breakfast in Bed*. By G. A. Sala. London: Maxwell & Co. 1863.



the altered position of the spinal column, common experience has taught many people that the imagination is frequently more active, and the inventive faculty in particular more fertile and creative, at the time when the body is prone. Not to bring in the fact of the proverbial quickness and inventiveness of the mind in dreams, there is something in the simple lying at length and the mere relaxation from muscular exertion which tends at times to quicken the secretions of the intellect. How many of our laureates have resorted for their inspiration to the sofa! When Strepsiades is at his wife's end for some device to get him out of his entanglements, Aristophanes sees nothing for it but to send the Attic Micawber at last to bed, in the hope of some bright idea turning up between the sheets. And such, sure enough, is found ever and anon to be the case. Many men of literary or other intellectual pursuits find the midnight oil the best stimulus to mental activity, and reserve for the lonely vigil the tasks which most severely tax their powers. Some, indeed, there are who, like Sir Bulwer Lytton's model men of office, can only think clearly upon horseback. Most men, on the other hand, in these days of fashionable languor, profess themselves to be up to nothing till after the morning tub and strong early coffee, if not the stronger and more deleterious "soda and B." Others there are who declare there is no time like that of first starting from the slumbers of night, before the daily round has been trudged, and when the mind possibly may be held still to retain somewhat of the lighter and more ethereal processes of its dreams.

Of the latter order of philosophers, we may presume, is the writer before us, who, with the view to present us with the liveliest and most original efforts of his genius, betakes himself to "breakfast in bed." These reprints, originally "written in sickness," have been, we are glad on the writer's account to see, "revised in health." The practice of breakfasting in bed would, however, appear not to have been so much compelled by the incident of sickness as to have become the result of purely voluntary indulgence. Or possibly the sense of literary fertility enhanced by the influence of the bed of sickness may have prompted a recourse to the same expedient as an artificial stimulus to the pen in health. Are we to regard it, may be further asked, the plea of indisposition as a fact appealing to the tender mercies of the critical reader, or as simply another literary curtain drawn over parts of the author's design, assumed as a complacent disguise for the shortcomings of his pen—put on, like many a college man's *eger*, to cloak his want of preparation with the morning's lecture or essay? To insist upon this point would be no less harsh and ungenerous than to deny him the benefit of the interest which may be supposed to attach to his lucubrations from their being really written in bed. There may be the same degree of *bona fides* in each instance. To call in question the reality of the pump and tubs would be indeed unkind upon poor Mr. Crummles. It would be equally cynical or unfair to refuse the professing invalid the benefit of his apparent loss of condition, and to treat as mythical the benevolent attentions of his "kind Doctor H. J. J." who "set" him "on his legs, and would take no fee," in whose honour the volume before us is inscribed. We have no alternative, then, in literary propriety, but to accept these papers as the rambling desultory emanations of the sick-bed—genuine *egri somnia*, not to be roughly and pitilessly handled like the vigorous outpourings of the waking brain in health. What amount of revision the writer may have thought it needful to bestow upon them with a view to bringing them up to the standard of his normal style, we must leave to those who are better qualified to judge by experience of the difference between his powers in health and disease. Those who have only the opportunity of testing them in their ultimate state, as "revised in health," are not called upon to form an idea of what they may have been in their original shape, as first dreamt of in his "philosophy between the sheets." By putting them forth in sane and leisurely moments, he has no doubt prepared himself to waive whatever title to indulgence might be set up for them on the score of suspended stamina; just as in one passage, by the frank statement of a recognised canon in literary ethics, he proceeds spontaneously to cast doubt upon the reality of the whole substructure on which he seemed to stake the peculiar point and pith of *Breakfast in Bed*:—

As a rule, you may make certain that the circumstances under which celebrated literary exertions are said to have been composed are not those which actually occurred; and, equally as a rule, you may rest satisfied that the scenes and characters most elaborately drawn and most minutely filled up are those with which the author has had the slightest personal acquaintance.

On this hypothetical principle, it may further be assumed, we are to understand that introduction of gentlemen personally by name of which Mr. Sala has made such free and frequent use in the course of his disquisitions. When a man has really dined, by invitation, in a miscellaneous company of notables, it is not usual to parade before the public the names, qualifications, or peculiarities of his entertainers, and to make literary capital out of the things—good, bad, or indifferent—they may have said or done during the freedom of social relaxation. Few men would think of retailing or criticising in print the next morning speeches and jokes which fell from personages at a nearly private dinner-table, or, having begun with specifying by name who ought to have taken and who actually took the chair, would proceed to complain that "the chairman, it is true, talked Colonial Office and *Quarterly Review* in a torrent of fluent platitudes." It is to such a case as this that the writer must naturally expect us to apply his own rule, that "the circumstances under which

celebrated literary exertions are said to have been composed are not those which actually occurred." And we accordingly "rest satisfied" that "the scenes and characters" which are here set forth with so much show of intimacy and familiarity are just "those with which the author has had the slightest personal acquaintance."

In the perplexed and tantalized state, however, in which we are left, after all, by this uncertainty as to what is real and what is ideal in the general constitution of Mr. Sala's volume, we can only say that, if he elects to stand by its loose and disjointed contents as veritable fruits of "breakfast in bed," really penned "between the sheets," or "written in sickness," there is nothing, so far as the internal evidence goes, to make us dispute the fact. They carry with them every appearance of its being the case. Those who are more familiar with Mr. Sala's writings will be better able to judge, with the present avowal before them, how far it may have been his general habit to address them from the nonchalant free and easy posture of one breakfasting in bed, or under the disability of one labouring under distress of bile. It will be no less for them to estimate the degree of improvement to be experienced in the future, when, "the year being out" in which he has "partaken of the morning meal in bed, and feebly philosophized between the sheets," he has "grown to acknowledge that his lie-in-bed habits are deleterious, if not immoral," and for the future is "sternly resolved to rise at seven o'clock," and have his "tea and toast in a decent breakfast parlour punctually at eight."

"Joseph," once said a wise man, who had just been utterly ruined and overthrown in the battle of life, to his attached man-servant, "I am going to bed. You will give me, if you please, forty drops of laudanum on a lump of sugar, and you will wake me up the day after to-morrow. After that we will see what can be done."

There is nothing like going to bed under trying circumstances, and stopping there. If nature has not endowed you with a somnolent faculty—if you don't, to your misfortune, belong to the great order of sleepy-heads—you had best take the laudanum on the lump of sugar, as per recipe foregoing. But I earnestly recommend you to sleep upon it. Stay in bed as long as ever you can. The world must go round; and perhaps your affairs, having come to the worst, may take a turn with it. If you wake, turn over on to the other side, and go to sleep again and again, until you find yourself so hungry that you must needs leap out of bed and proceed to devour something or somebody. That same great order of sleepy-heads, to whom I have just alluded, are, after all, the people who get on best in the world. They don't "fash" themselves. They fret not themselves because of the ungody. They just pull their night-caps over their brows, shut their eyes, find out the cosiest corner in the undulations of the pillow, and take forty, or forty thousand times forty, winks; and at their uprising the odds are forty to one that, desperate as things seemed when they fell a-snoozing, they have now mended. *Cæsar*—J. Cæsar of Rome, as poor crazy Mr. Train used to call that conqueror—desired to have men about him that were fat, and such as slept o' nights. He liked not you Cassius, who had a "lean and hungry"—and a wakeful look, you may be sure. Do you think Lord Palmerston would remain, at seventy-nine, our "ever versatile, vivacious, and juvenile Premier," if he didn't fold his arms, tilt his hat on to the tip of his nose, tuck his legs under the Treasury Bench, and go comfortably to sleep while the bores of the Opposition were prosing, and Caucasian serpents biting the file? He wakes up when the cistern of disparagement has finished plapping, and comes up smiling, and demolishes his antagonists all round. There are people who habitually go to sleep in omnibuses, and on suburban railways; but I never knew them to miss their station, or to fail in proguing the conductor in the ribs at the right moment. There are worshippers who make a point of going to sleep in church, be the sermon the dullest or the most exciting of discourses; yet they always know the text, and are reckoned great judges of orthodoxy. There are people who go to sleep at the theatre, waking up only at the conclusion of each act; yet I have frequently had occasion to admire the tenseness and acumen with which they criticise the piece. And if you will only be good enough to go to sleep over the opening paragraph of this present number of *Breakfast in Bed*, and, waking at the end, declare it to be the best of the series, I shall have the very highest respect for your taste and discrimination, and shall be eternally grateful to you.

But this is all to be changed now. This we are to regard as the writer's abandoned manner. He has now abjured the lazy practice, and has pledged himself to forego continuing the "series of indigestible romances," and would no longer express a desire for the reader to follow him to the bed-room story, or "go to sleep over the opening paragraph" of the number, with the strange certainty of finding it the "best of the series."

Good-bye, ladies and gentlemen! may your shadows and digestions never be less. Good-bye, Hircius and Spungius, engaging "Companions of my Solitude," inexhaustible themes for "Essays written in the intervals of Business." Farewell, my best beloved; we may meet again, shortly.

That promised meeting may, or may not, be a welcome one to the "best-beloved." Their "digestions" may be so far from being "less," that they may be content to take in even more "indigestible romances." Their "shadows" may possibly have expanded in the interval in which their minds have ceased to be crammed with such flatulent kind of diet as this "philosophy between the sheets." But on one thing at least they may have to congratulate themselves. Together with such profound and original subjects as "The Condition of my Poor Feet," and "A Remarkable Dog," perhaps, when he turns over a new leaf, the writer will give up somewhat of that peculiar style of verbiage which to the cockney mind, for which he appears to write, seems somehow to be associated with the *ne plus ultra* of facetiousness and wit. When he condescends to take his morning coffee in a purer atmosphere and in a more usual and decorous attitude, he will possibly see reason to dispense with flavouring the mixture with anything like what he is pleased to term that "vaccine arrangement" by which "the pre-fessedly lacteal fluid is concocted for metropolitan consumption." If they are only to be spared further repetitions of this vapid and nauseating kind of jargon, they will have good reason to rejoice that they have seen the last of *Breakfast in Bed*.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.\*

THE name of Newfoundland has no associations which promise to render its history an inviting study; and our readers will hardly expect from the perusal of this volume—for happily there is but one—any other gratification than that which arises from the consciousness of having performed a somewhat tedious and long-delayed duty. They will hope for some curious facts concerning early discoverers and fishers culled from ancient records, and will nerve themselves to face dreary pages full of the details of political squabbles drawn from modern newspapers. If they are familiar with Colonial Blue-books, or have many acquaintances among the inhabitants of our North American possessions, they will be prepared for a history of unvarying misfortune and unintermittent grumbling—the history of a country in which nobody was ever satisfied, and nothing ever happened except calamities. If such be the reasonable anticipations with which they open Mr. Pedley's book, we think we may fairly promise that they will escape disappointment. The author has not the skill which would enable him to make a readable book out of dull materials, and we suspect that a little more tact in selection and arrangement would have made his work a little less suggestive of the dreariness of his subject. What is worse, even in point of information the work is incomplete and unsatisfactory. Much is left out that ought to be told, and much is inserted that can have no interest for any one but a colonial patriot. No man, unless it were Lord Macaulay, could be expected to write what should be at once an entertaining book and a history of Newfoundland; but we are almost tempted to complain that Mr. Pedley's work is neither. It has an index, and it has an elaborate statistical table; but the item of "population" is left out of the latter, and when we turn to the word in the former, we find only references to vague and unsatisfactory statements about the most important element in colonial progress. This is a fair specimen of the general character of the book, which is distinguished throughout by a similar neglect of proportion, sadly marring the value of a work which has evidently had much pains bestowed upon it, and which, if it could not be interesting, might have been made useful.

If Newfoundland has few other distinctions of a kind satisfactory to the pride of her inhabitants, she has at least that of being the oldest of our dependencies. The stimulus given to maritime enterprise by the discoveries of Columbus led to the despatch of an expedition, in 1497, by Henry VII. This island was the first-fruits of the voyage, and the discoverer, it appears, received from the privy purse of that most thrifty of monarchs the munificent reward thus entered in the royal accounts:—"To hym that found the New Isle, 10*l*." The season at which the explorers touched at this inhospitable shore was that of the annual migration of the cod; and the vast shoals of that valuable fish seen by Sebastian Cabot, the commander of the expedition, induced him to give the island a name derived from their presence, which, however, was at once superseded by the title bestowed by common consent in England on "the New Found Land." Nevertheless, the early history of the island is little more than the history of the fishery from which alone the new possession derived its commercial value. Gradually, despite the greater attractions of settlement in more genial climates, the cod-fish made the shores of Newfoundland, during the summer season, the seat of a numerous and busy, though migratory, population. In 1578, no fewer than 400 vessels were engaged in the fishery, and its importance seems to have gradually increased during the next half-century, in the absence of recognition, protection, or control from the home Government. The first attempt to establish legal regulations for the conduct of the fishery appears to have been made in 1630, when it was ordered that, to check the utter lawlessness which had hitherto prevailed, certain severe restrictions should be imposed on the sale of spirits, wine, beer, and tobacco; and penalties were affixed to the removal or destruction of the fishing-stages, and other apparatus established on shore. Persons accused of serious offences were to be brought to England for trial, and jurisdiction in such cases was given to the mayors of certain English seaports. As may be supposed, this enactment did not suffice to restrain the perpetration of outrages which could not be punished on the spot; and the disorders complained of appear to have continued, in despite of the authority subsequently given to captains of the men-of-war conveying the fishing vessels to adjust disputes, and to exercise a certain sort of jurisdiction in the waters and on the coasts of Newfoundland. It is not until the middle of the seventeenth century that we find traces of regular settlements. By that time there seem to have been about 350 families on the island, established at various points on the coast, all of them probably poor, and not a few among them Irish Catholics, who had sought, in a land to which as yet the laws of England had not been effectually extended, relief from the oppression they endured at home.

The real history of the island may be said to commence about this time. Previously we have only incidental notices of its condition, and a few regulations framed for the fishery by the Government at home; but, after the Restoration, Newfoundland begins to make its appearance more frequently, both as a source of trouble to "the Lords of the Committee for Trade and the Plantations," and as a bone of contention between England and France. From 1660 until the Peace of Utrecht, the encroach-

ments of France on the one hand, and the disputes between the "planters," or colonists, and the merchants interested in the fishery, on the other, make up the history of Newfoundland. During the reigns of the last Stuarts, France had not only obtained an equal share in the fisheries, but had possessed herself of the southern coast of the island, and established a strong military post there. During the war which followed the accession of William III., the French possessed themselves for a time of the entire island, with the exception of two small towns that still held out; but at the Peace of Ryswick they only retained their original possessions. In 1705 they again overran the island, and retained possession until their disasters in Europe compelled them, at the Peace of Utrecht, to surrender Newfoundland altogether—still retaining, however, fishing rights which were for a long time afterwards the subject of strong complaints from the English merchants, and of frequent disputes between the crews of the two nations. It would certainly seem that we should have done more wisely, if less generously, in keeping so valuable a possession to ourselves. The cod-fishery cannot, by any admissible reasoning, be brought within the scope of the economical arguments which have sufficiently demonstrated the wisdom of free trade. It is rather a national estate, which we were no more obliged to divide than a landowner is bound to concede to others the right of mining under his soil or shooting in his woods. The French would hardly have been equally generous, had they succeeded in establishing their dominion over the island. They made one more attempt to do so, in 1762, and held St. John's for a short time; but they were driven out by Lord Colville's squadron in the same year, and since that time, though hostile cruisers harassed the fisheries, and though the coasts were threatened more than once during the American and Napoleonic wars, no foreign force has established itself on the soil of Newfoundland.

But the merchants objected almost as vehemently to the establishment of British settlers as of foreign soldiers within reach of their fishing-stations. The absence of law no doubt made the resident population, composed in great part of dangerous elements, a nuisance to them, by rendering them liable to have their establishments plundered, and facilitating the desertion of the seamen; yet it seems probable that obstinate prejudice had at least as large a share as selfish calculation in the bitter opposition which they offered to the colonization of the island. For a long time they prevailed with the Administration at home to adopt their views; and severe measures were ordained to restrain emigration, to expel those who had settled already, and to oblige all shippers to bring back every man whom they took out. These orders, however, were not rigorously carried out; and the policy of the Government was gradually modified. In 1765 the island was for the first time recognised as a colony. The first Governor had been appointed in 1728, but for nearly a hundred years the Government was an appendage to the command of the squadron on the station, and the Governor was only resident during the summer. Only at long intervals, and after great doubt and conflict of jurisdictions, was his authority over the fisheries, and the power of the civil magistrates to decide cases arising out of fishing disputes, finally established. The first regular court of civil and criminal jurisdiction was only created in 1791, and a complete judicial system was not established till some years afterwards. The separation of the Government from the command of the squadron, with which the political history of Newfoundland begins, took place in 1825, and the introduction of what is called "responsible Government" in 1855. Thus, though the first in point of time of the transmarine acquisitions of England, Newfoundland is one of our younger colonies, and perhaps the most backward and least promising among them. Its colonial experience seems to suggest that the merchants were not altogether wrong in declaring that its fisheries constituted its sole value, and that "this desolate island" afforded no suitable place for a prosperous and profitable settlement.

Since the peace of 1815, its annals present a record of almost unbroken, if not unvaried, misfortune. Fire, famine, and faction are its besetting calamities; and the latter half of Mr. Pedley's work consists almost entirely of accounts of sufferings entailed on the colonists by the alternate operation of these tutelary deities of the island. Peace brought back foreign competition in the fishery, which, during the last three years of war, had been so lucrative as to attract thousands of emigrants. Great and general distress was the result; and this distress was terribly enhanced by a conflagration which destroyed nearly the whole of the city of St. John's, the capital of the island. Four fires in two years reduced the inhabitants almost to ruin; and the destruction of the provision stores containing the supplies reserved for the winter brought the horrors of famine upon the houseless people. St. John's was again burnt down in 1846, and what the fire had spared was shortly afterwards destroyed by one of the most fearful gales that ever visited the coast. Incendiary fires seem to be of common occurrence; and want, if not actual famine, perpetually threatens a colony which spends one-third of its total revenues on the relief of pauperism. From faction, in its worst form, the island has seldom been free. The large influx of Roman Catholics in the early stages of its history—an influx which severe measures of repression, dictated quite as much by the alarm as by the bigotry of the authorities, entirely failed to check, and which has continued to the present day—has assimilated its social and political condition to that of Ireland. Religious differences have become the badges of political party; and party conflicts, therefore, have raged with a fury which only religious animosity can lend to them. Neither

\* *The History of Newfoundland, from the Earliest Times to the Year 1860.* By the Rev. Charles Pedley, of St. John's, Newfoundland. London: Longman & Co. 1863.



the efforts of enlightened Governors nor the exhortations of liberal and Christian men among the clergy on either side, have availed to mitigate the mutual hatred of Protestant and Catholic. In 1835, the editor of a Protestant journal, who had advocated Catholic emancipation, was waylaid, and had his ears cut off, by ruffians of the Catholic faction; and a reward of 1,000*l.* failed to obtain evidence against the criminals. Five years later, a similar outrage was committed upon an *employé* on the same paper, and here, too, the perpetrator escaped undetected. On another occasion a magistrate was nearly murdered in an election riot. Such proceedings led to the suspension of the Newfoundland Constitution by Sir Robert Peel, and to the fusion of the two branches of the Legislature, giving to the Government a practical control over the deliberations of the Assembly through the members whom it could nominate. It was, in fact, perfectly evident that Newfoundland was in no condition to prosper under a representative form of government, and that the creation of a local Legislature was a premature application of the liberal maxims of the age. The island has not a sufficiently numerous class of men fitted to take part in politics, nor is there among its inhabitants that general respect for law or that degree of mutual tolerance which is indispensable to the beneficial working of representative institutions. The local factions, however, thought otherwise. They clamoured loudly for an extension of the liberties they had abused, and for the introduction of the principle of Government by party—or, as it is called, responsible Government—into the colony. Earl Grey and Sir John Pakington turned a deaf ear to the demand; but it was ultimately acceded to. The experiment appears to have worked as might have been expected—that is to say, rather worse than it has worked anywhere else, which is saying a good deal. Its appropriateness in Newfoundland is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that the Prime Minister, in the House, accused the Governor of conspiring against his own Cabinet, and, when called upon for an explanation, denied the right of the Governor to call him to account for words used in the House. So little did he or his party understand the system they had demanded, and had to work, that his dismissal both surprised and enraged them; and in their fury, when the elections turned against them, they excited in St. John's, on the opening of the Assembly, a riot which cost several lives, and almost reached the dimensions of an insurrection. It may be satisfactory to the Colonial Office to have got rid of the greater part of the responsibility and trouble entailed by the affairs of this most turbulent dependency; but we can hardly see the wisdom or the justice of leaving the respectable inhabitants of Newfoundland at the mercy of such rulers as these colonial statesmen, and of the mobs which they think it "unconstitutional" to put down by military force.

#### VOLTAIRE AND MADAME DU CHATELET.\*

M. HAVARD'S little volume would seem to have been published almost for the express purpose of illustrating the old proverb about the hero and his valet. By some means which he does not explain, M. Havard appears to have got possession of a set of notes written by one of Voltaire's servants, on various circumstances which he says he witnessed when in the service of that great man and in that of his "divine Emily," the Marquise Du Chatelet. Of M. Havard we know nothing whatever, and we are therefore unable to say what guarantee his name supplies for the genuine character of the publication. The publication itself comes before us in a questionable shape. The revelations of a confidential servant written more than forty years after the incidents to which they relate, and published seventy years after they profess to have been written, are not the most trustworthy productions in the world, and the first and most natural impulse of a moderately experienced reader is to feel that he has to do with an imposture, whoever the impostor may be. M. Havard is well aware of this, and in his preface he endeavours to show that his book is genuine, and that the MS. which he republishes was really written by a real valet of Voltaire. He admits that he does not know the man's name, though, as he says, he has made every possible inquiry. On the other hand, he says that a number of small allusions to different circumstances in Voltaire's life are confirmed by similar allusions in his published correspondence; and he adds, that he has in his own possession the original MS., which he will be happy to show to any one who will call on him for the purpose of inspecting it. This is all very well as far as it goes, but it would surely have been very easy, and much more satisfactory, to have said, "I received the MS. from such a person, who said he got it from such another person." This, at all events, would have thrown some light on the question why the book is published now, and why it was not published before. Questionable or not, the volume, such as it is, is before the public, and a very odd one it is. It is indeed so odd that it is hard to imagine that any one can have forged it, and this is perhaps the strongest argument in favour of its authenticity.

The "divine Emily," as Mr. Carlyle generally calls the Marquise Du Chatelet, was, as most people know, the mistress of Voltaire for a considerable number of years before her death, which took place in 1749. In 1746, it was her fortune to take into her service the author of the strange MS. which M. Havard has published—a step which she would probably have avoided if she could have had

any notion of the use which he would make of his opportunities of observing her ways. She was, as is well known, one of the most remarkable women of her time. She translated Newton, and she was a very good classical scholar. She was in most other respects highly accomplished, and Voltaire would appear to have been deeply and sincerely attached to her. Her habits of life and her conduct towards him are, if truly reported, some of the most curious illustrations which literature supplies of the ways of the great ladies of that age. The first thing that struck her valet as remarkable was the completeness with which she accepted and acted on the maxim which found favour with the female aristocracy of the time, that a valet was not a man. He was summoned to her room on every occasion with as much indifference as if he had been a mere article of furniture, and he describes what he saw there with a plainness of speech which we cannot imitate. This might have been looked upon as a mere habit of the time, but her morals appear to have been on a level with her manners. In the course of her travels she made acquaintance with a certain M. De St. Lambert, who staid with her, with Voltaire, and a large party of other distinguished guests at Commercy, where the King of Poland at that time held a sort of country court. St. Lambert, who was young and attractive, became the successful rival of Voltaire, who was so unfortunate as to obtain conclusive evidence of the fact. Hereupon the divine Emily proceeded to argue the question with her veteran lover upon philosophical principles. She told him that it was all for his own good, that he was getting old and worn out, that she could not get on without a lover of some kind or other (a sentiment which she expressed in language which M. Havard declines to reprint), and finally she added, "Had not you rather be supplanted by a friend than by a stranger?" To this appeal the meek philosopher replied, "Ah, madame, vous avez toujours raison, mais puisqu'il faut que les choses soient ainsi, du moins que je ne les voie pas devant mes yeux." When the moderation of the request is considered, it must be owned that the force of philosophy could not go much further. Yet it did in this case go one step further. Voltaire wrote congratulatory verses to his rival:—

St. Lambert, ce n'est que pour toi  
Que ces belles fleurs sont écloses;  
C'est ta main qui cueille les roses,  
Et les épines sont pour moi, &c. &c.

Had the occasion been different, this display of resignation might have been described, not without plausibility, as an almost unexampled stretch of heroism. The most curious part of the story is, that the Marquise lost her life by her misconduct. She had a child by St. Lambert, and died in consequence of her confinement. After her death, the author of the present MS. took from her hand a diamond ring which contained a portrait of M. De St. Lambert. Madame De Boufflers took out the portrait, and returned it to St. Lambert himself, and the Marquis Du Chatelet took the ring. Soon afterwards, Voltaire told his valet to take the ring, and get his (Voltaire's) portrait out of it. When told how matters stood, he observed, "I turned out Richelieu—St. Lambert has turned out me; one nail drives another, and each has his turn. This is the way of the world." Notwithstanding his philosophy, he was dreadfully affected by her death. When he got back to Paris, he could not sleep; he used to fancy he saw Madame Du Chatelet, and to wander about, calling her. One night, whilst so employed, he stumbled over some books, had a rather serious fall, and had to be put to bed and nursed by his valet, who feared that he would die. As he got worse and worse, the valet thought it necessary to console him, and certainly the way which he took to do so was about as odd as any other of the strange facts that he relates:—

As I was much attached to him, and was afraid to lose him, I determined to try to cure him by means of some letters in Madame Du Chatelet's handwriting, which I had collected when her papers were burnt. Luckily I had fallen in with some which singularly abused M. De Voltaire. I told him, therefore, that he was much in the wrong to be so unhappy about the death of a person who did not love him. Notwithstanding his weakness, he jumped up at this, and said eagerly, "What! she did not love me?" "No," I answered, "and I have the proof in my hands." I then fetched him the three letters which I had, and gave them to him. The reading of these letters struck him dumb for some minutes. He turned pale, he trembled with rage and vexation at having been so long deceived by a person whom he thought incapable of it; at last he made up his mind, and became calm. He then said, with a sigh, "She deceived me; who would have thought it?" From this moment he called her no more at night, and by degrees regained his health and his common way of life, which pleased all his friends, who despaired of him.

Considering what Voltaire knew at the time as to her relations with St. Lambert, it is hard to say whether his passionate grief at her death, or the ease with which he consoled himself, is the most singular. As M. Havard well remarks, it is a pity that the witness of this odd scene did not think it worth while to keep a copy of the letters which turned out so consolatory.

One of the most singular stories in the book relates to a visit of Voltaire and Madame Du Chatelet to Fontainebleau. Madame Du Chatelet took with her 400 louis, and Voltaire took with him 200. Madame Du Chatelet played at the Queen's table; and having lost all her own money, and all Voltaire's, and all that she could raise from her steward at Paris, she went on playing on credit till she lost 84,000 livres, or between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* Upon this, Voltaire told her, in English, that she was playing with sharpers. His words were understood, and reported to those whom they concerned; upon which she and he determined instantly to take flight, by way of saving their lives, or rather his life. They did it so quickly that they did not even pack up

\* *Voltaire et Madame Du Chatelet. Révélation d'un Serviteur attaché à leurs personnes.* Par D'Albanes Havard. Paris: 1863.

their boxes, and they betook themselves to Sceaux with as much secrecy as if they had been criminals flying from justice. "M. De Voltaire," says his valet, "remained unknown for more than two months in this asylum." Madame Du Chatelet in the meantime set to work to repair her losses. The farms of the revenue were then being renewed, and she contrived to get a nomination for half the share of a farmer-general. By selling this, and getting her creditor to take 24,000 livres instead of 84,000, she contrived to get clear of her difficulties. She also found means—the memoir writer does not seem to have known what they were—to satisfy the people for fear of whom Voltaire had hidden himself at Sceaux.

These are the most characteristic stories in the book. It contains others, of which some are simply amusing, and one or two altogether unfit for general perusal. The same, indeed, may be said of particular parts of those of which we have given the outline. M. Havard, on the whole, deals very sensibly with this matter. He prefixes short notices to each of the detached stories of which the book is made up; and whenever the article to be published contains indecent matter, he says so in so many words. It is thus the fault of the reader if he or she reads what is offensive. Assuming the book to be genuine, it was worth while to publish it; and if it was to be published at all, it was worth while to publish it *in extenso*, for it gives us some vivid glimpses of a state of society which has produced striking effects on our own generation, and yet has passed away as completely as the middle ages. Hardly any literary or historical problem is more curious, or even more important, than the question, what did Voltaire teach mankind? How far has he influenced his successors for good? This problem can hardly be solved, or even stated in a satisfactory way, unless we know what kind of man he was, and in what sort of society he lived; and on this such a publication as M. Havard's undoubtedly throws a light too valuable to be extinguished, though it is certainly not one of which the contemplation can be recommended to every eye.

#### MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S POEMS.\*

WE are in the present day overrun by clever writers of fiction, and of that species of verse which is spun from the same kind of intellectual web that produces fiction. But the names of English novelists and versifiers now living who may be said to unite real originality of thought and aim with conspicuous cleverness in workmanship are almost few enough to be counted on the fingers. Among these few Mr. George Meredith unquestionably holds a place. His novel of *Evan Harrington*, which appeared three or four years ago, contained some of the most purely original conceptions that have been attempted by any writer of novels of character for a long time past. The same may be said of the volume of poems which he has, like Professor Kingsley, Miss Muloch, Mr. Farrar, and half a score more, as in duty bound, composed and published. He is in the habit of genuinely drawing from his own resources of observation and reflection, and his strong thought and quaint expression remind us, here and there—though at a considerable interval—of Robert Browning. In skill of phrase and rhyme he is quite as happy as his greater contemporary, and often less obscure. The poem of "The Old Chartist" is, for instance, a capital piece of writing, with an obvious and simple design. An ancient shoemaker, who in early life has had the misfortune to cross the water on account of misbehaviour on a Chartist platform, returns to his native town at the expiration of his time, and is converted to common sense by seeing a water-rat scrubbing his face contentedly by a brookside. The fresh-hearted old vagabond is made to soliloquize thus:—

What'er I be, old England is my dam!  
So there's my answer to the judges, clear.  
I'm nothing of a fox, nor of a lamb;  
I don't know how to bleat nor how to leer:  
I'm for the nation!  
That's why you see me by the wayside here,  
Returning home from transportation.  
It's summer in her bath this morn, I think.  
I'm fresh as dew, and chirpy as the birds:  
And just for joy to see old England wink  
Thro' leaves again, I could harangue the herds:  
Isn't it something  
To speak out like a man when you've got words,  
And prove you're not a stupid dumb thing?

He presently espies the water-rat going through his morning's washing, and the train of natural thought and feeling set in motion by that sight is exceedingly well described. The first wonder is the apparent incongruity of cleanliness with the antecedents and present position of a rat:—

His seat is on a mud-bank, and his trade  
Is dirt . . . . . and yet  
The fellow's all as anxious as a maid  
To show a decent dress, and dry the wet.

In the eye of nature, however, there seems to be nothing incongruous:—

The elms and yellow reed-flags in the sun,  
Look on quite grave:—the sunlight flecks his side;  
And links of bindweed-flowers round him run,  
And shine up doubled with him in the tide.  
I'm nearly splitting,  
But nature seems like seconding his pride,  
And thinks that his behaviour's fitting.

\* *Modern Love, and Poems of the English Roadside, with Poems and Ballads.* By George Meredith, Author of "The Shaving of Shagpat," "The Ordal of Richard Feverel," &c. London: Chapman & Hall.

This simple spectacle introduces into the breast of the old grumbler the thin end of the wedge of self-knowledge. He has been picking holes in his superiors' coats and denouncing the wrong, while he ought to have been *doing* the right. He will henceforward be wiser, and live the life of the rat, "pleasing himself and his Creator." He will go quietly home, mend the gentry's boots, comfort his old wife—who, while detesting his ways and his views, had faithfully stood by him with the consoling tea-can in the dock—and on some future Sunday he will bring his fine daughter, with her smug draper-husband, to see the model democrat of the mud-bank. The "Old Chartist" is certainly a good piece of writing of its kind, and "Juggling Jerry," the "Beggar's Soliloquy," and "Grandfather Bridgeman," are nearly, if not quite, up to the same standard.

It is in the direction of this racy and vigorous style of composition that Mr. George Meredith's real *forte* lies, though he would hardly be inclined to subscribe to that opinion. Few people who have aimed at fine writing find it easy or pleasant to believe that their strength lies, after all, in something which, from the fine writer's point of view, seems to be very far below. However, a perusal of Mr. George Meredith's more ambitious productions, and especially of *Modern Love*—the composition which he has thought worthy of giving a name to his collection—leads one reluctantly to the conclusion that he has entirely mistaken his powers, and has utterly marred what might have been a rare and successful volume. It was bad enough to quit the "English Roadside" for a ranting rhapsody like the "Ode to the Spirit of Earth in Autumn," which we should conjecture to have been written at a very early age, when Shelley was less perfectly understood than ardently and blindly adored. The lines which follow, and which are supposed to indicate the rising of a violent south-wester, are among the milder and less uproarious passages of the ode:—

Still on the farthest line, with outpuff'd cheeks,  
Twixt dark and utter dark, the great wind drew  
From heaven that disenchanted harmony  
To join earth's laughter in the midnight blind:  
Booming a distant chorus to the shrieks  
Preluding him: then he,  
His mantle streaming thunderingly behind,  
Across the yellow realm of stiflen'd Day,  
Shot thro' the woodland alleys signals three,  
And with the pressure of a sea,  
Plunged broad upon the vale that under lay.

The first line reminds one of the old illustration to the fable, where the traveller, wrapped in a cloak, is plodding along beneath the influence of two round faces, one representing the north wind and the other the sun. The single voice issuing from the "outpuff'd cheeks" is made to boom "a chorus" to the preluding shrieks, the nature of which last we should conceive that it must be equally difficult to imagine and to describe. The "yellow realm of stiflen'd Day" no doubt sounds as if something like it might have occurred in *In Memoriam*; but we venture to assert that no parallel passage to the line is to be found in that poem, any more than to the "thundering streaming" appearance which was remarked in the south-west wind's mantle. There is a passage in the otherwise excellent poem called "Grandfather Bridgeman" which is congenial to these extracts, and seems too good of its sort to be omitted. It is not often that metaphor is confused with more completeness than in this description of a summer morning:—

The day was a van-bird of summer; the robin still piped, but the blue,  
A warm and dreamy palace with voices of larks ringing thro',  
Looked down as if *wistfully* eyeing the blossoms that fell from its lap.

It is, as we have said, bad enough that a writer of real ability and skill should allow himself to associate this kind of fustian with poems of worth and merit. But Mr. George Meredith's descent from his "roadside" style of thought and composition to his lyrical mood is, we regret to say, only trifling compared with the change which he undergoes when he indulges in an elaborate analysis of a loathsome series of phenomena which he is pleased to call "modern love." The poem called *Modern Love* is of considerable length, and has clearly had a large share of labour bestowed on its preparation. The mere composition is sometimes very graceful, and always exceedingly ingenious. The few short passages quoted below appear to us to contain real beauty:—

With slow foot  
The low, rosed moon, the face of Music mute,  
Begins among her silent bars to climb.  
How many a thing which we cast to the ground,  
When others pick it up becomes a gem!  
We grasp at all the wealth it is to them;  
And by reflected light its worth is found.  
Yet for us still 'tis nothing! and that zeal  
Of false appreciation quickly fades.  
The golden foot of May is on the flowers,  
And friendly shadows dance upon her brow.  
Wavering pale before me there,  
Her tears fall still as oak-leaves after frost.

But no word-painting or clever analysis can atone for a choice of subject which we cannot help regarding as involving a grave moral mistake—a mistake so grave as utterly to disqualify the chooser from achieving any great and worthy result in art. The whole of this poem is occupied in portraying the miseries of married life as it exists in our modern society. The writer's apology for his choice would probably be the same that he has put into the mouth of one of his characters:—

These things are life;  
And life, they say, is worthy of the Muse.



A more flimsy sophism could hardly be devised. The Muse is undoubtedly concerned with all forms of life, but these things are decay, and deformity, and death. So far from a condition of doubt and uncertainty on the general tone of matrimonial morality being in any sense an interesting or attractive thing, it is one of the most disastrous calamities that can befall a nation. To write of the rotten places of our social system as if they were fitting subjects for the Muse is just as reasonable as it would be to compose a sonnet to the gout or an ode on the small-pox. Besides, the subject is old and outworn, exhausted by far abler hands than those of Mr. George Meredith. With the great literary error of *Don Juan* before his eyes, it was scarcely worth his while to commit the sickly little peccadillo of *Modern Love*. It was no doubt his conviction, derived from French authorities, that there is a species of nineteenth-century infidelity, more recondite, more interesting, more intellectual forsooth, than those which have gone before, and that this novelty was not undeserving of a hand. If he should be at any time desirous of taking the measure of his work, it would not be an uninteresting process to read over the poem of "Guinevere," in *Idylls of the King*, and then to peruse some half-dozen of his own cantos. The contrast might disabuse him of the notion that he has succeeded in producing, under the title of *Modern Love*, anything worthy of the name of art. If he could regard his clever performance as others see it, he might perhaps agree with us in thinking that his utmost achievement has been to throw the thin veil of Coan drapery over a set of grinning skeletons.

#### THE HELLS OF GERMANY.\*

THE late gambling scandals in Paris promise to create a distinct class of literature. We have already noticed one or two of the books which have appeared since the Garcia and Calzado affair, treating of the career, habits, and tricks of fashionable card-sharppers; and the flimsy volume before us belongs to the same class. There are also, it appears, in preparation similar accounts of the hells of Paris, the mysteries of Baden-Baden, women of prey, and the like. One good book on a subject like this is amusing enough, but a series of them will become as tedious, and eventually as disgusting, as the cart-loads of rubbish that have been printed about the *demi-monde*. After all, we know all about the horrors of the famous German gambling saloons; and they have been invested with an amount of interest which is in a great measure factitious and simply morbid or prurient. The strangeness of the scene, the music, the crowd of men and women of all nations, the glitter of the money, and, above all, the condensation of excitement, naturally tempt the spectator's imagination, and he is disposed to make up a little history of wealth, despair, ruin, and suicide for everybody at the table. Nobody ever moralizes in this fashion over the more vulgar gambling of the Bourse or the Stock Exchange; it is the ready money, and the admixture of women, and the strange physiognomies, which create the common curiosity about the frequenters of the Kursaal of Homburg and Baden. No doubt these rooms attract a horde of adventurers, and some of them may have histories possessing a slight melodramatic interest; but the majority of them are knaves of the most vulgar and commonplace stamp—fraudulent bankrupts, ruined speculators, and professional cheats. It is hard to tell why a professional cheat at cards should be more interesting than a professional cheat in anything else. Nobody would care to read a volume of memoirs of great "Welchers;" why should so much interest attach to *Grecs*?

We cannot accuse M. Sirven of contributing at all considerably either to the creation or satisfaction of this prurient curiosity about the German Exchanges where European scoundrelism most doth congregate. He is a tame and harmless writer; and, without enforcing it by any dreadful story of ruin or blood, he draws the unobjectionable moral, with the profoundest solemnity, that the only infallible system of winning in the Kursaal consists "in abstaining from play, and watching others lose, to keep us out of temptation." M. Sirven is evidently of a credulous turn of mind, and, as is natural in such a case, expects to find his readers like himself. For example, when talking about the superstition which is a common characteristic of gamblers, he illustrates his remark by the story of an Englishman who always came to the roulette table with a dead pigeon, which he plucked under the table, counting the number of feathers each time, and then playing a corresponding number. "The *Figaro*," concludes M. Sirven with the utmost simplicity, "which told this story last year, adds—there were two pigeons plucked." As if it were not plainly visible to the meanest capacity that the whole idea was invented by the *Figaro*, to lead up to the brilliant joke with which the story closes! M. Sirven's gravity in telling impossible anecdotes is far the funniest and most entertaining thing in his book. More extraordinary than the eccentricity of this believer in the virtues of a dead pigeon is the wondrous adventure of one of our countrymen. Of course everything grotesque, outrageous, and incredible must, by all the known laws of French composition, be attributed to "un Anglais." In the present case the *Anglais* was very rich, belonged to one of the most opulent families in Manchester, and rejoiced in the modest and unaffected name of "Sir William." How he came by his title, or how he had lost his surname, is not disclosed. Be that as it may, this young Man-

chester knight came to stay at one of the most considerable hotels at Homburg. He was unlucky every day, and at last was *décaissé*, or cleaned out. Then he had recourse to the credit of his banker, but without better success. At last he was penniless, and the bank generously gave him five-and-twenty francs for travelling expenses. Instead of going away, he played and lost this too. He went back to his hotel with some thoughts of suicide, but, changing his views, demanded a *bonillon* and went to sleep. On the following morning the landlord entered his room and presented his bill for bed and *bonillon*. The unhappy young man grew frightfully pale, and murmured that he had no money. He was forthwith sent to prison. Every day his enemy sent him food and wine by the hands of a pretty daughter, until he should hear from his opulent family at Manchester. At length the father of Sir William replied—"Mon cher enfant,—Tu es en prison. Voilà où conduit le jeu. Je ne payerai rien, et j'exhorte ton hôte à te garder le plus longtemps possible." On receiving this laconic despatch, poor Sir William poured forth a flood of tears and desolated himself. The pretty daughter was touched by his miseries, and her sympathy made such an impression upon him that he swore to marry her as soon as he should be liberated. The inexorable landlord, hearing this, "et sachant qu'un Anglais n'a qu'une parole en pareil cas," at once frees his prisoner, and the wedding contract is duly signed. By way of dower, Sir William receives the bill for his expenses, cancelled by his generous father-in-law, and a thousand francs for the journey to Manchester. The following year the marriage was dissolved in England, but a pension of a thousand pounds sterling was bestowed upon the innkeeper's daughter—"plus que cet honnête industriel n'en demandait." On what pretext Lady William was thus got rid of we are not informed; but, of course, a man who could defy the prejudices of his country by living without a surname would have no difficulty in dropping an inconvenient wife.

M. Sirven tells us of another Englishman who was less fortunate than Sir William. This unlucky person two years ago lost five hundred thousand francs at Homburg; whereupon the bank advanced him twenty pounds to pay his way home. The next year he returned, but forgot to settle this little matter, and the manager of the room would not allow him to play. The Englishman, exasperated beyond measure at this insult, went to Spa, where he lost a million francs, and then blew his brains out. The manager of the Homburg room was naturally annoyed when he learnt that, for the sake of five hundred francs, he had lost a million, and repented bitterly that he had not made an exception in favour of *l'Anglais*. M. Sirven assures us, with much earnestness, that a traveller very seldom leaves Homburg or Wiesbaden with any money in his pocket, and that there is some talk of setting up a "railway for the cleaned-out." The managers of the gaming-tables would contract with the different railway companies for seats at a reduction of fifty per cent., with which they could furnish their victims gratuitously. The man who had lost a hundred thousand francs would be presented with a first-class ticket; while the man of letters, the artist, the small fundholder, who had lost the fruit of a year's work, would be banished to the third-class. All men, however, do not choose to be carried back again to their own country, and some only tax German hospitality so far as to require a place in the Cemetery for Suicides. M. Sirven is very strong on this point, and narrates a long story told him by the grave-digger of the cemetery, which is meant to be harrowing, but is really prosaic and absurd. In fact, the author overdoes his moral indignation against the detestable results of the gaming-tables, and he is even blind to the ludicrous aspect of much that in other respects is revolting—a defect of rare occurrence among French writers, who more commonly err in the other direction, and persist in seeing only the grotesque side of what to others would seem merely painful. He tells us very gravely that he saw last year, at Homburg, a man who makes a living by hanging himself. This "industriel de la mort" proceeds with a friend to the park, finds a tree near the sentinel, and then strings himself gently up. The friend raises a cry, and when the sentinel runs up, the man is already unconscious. He is cut down, and duly restored to life. The story of a man having hung himself out of despair at his losses gets abroad, and the bank gives him a thousand francs to hold his tongue and disappear. For four years, we are assured, he has made a livelihood by this device, and every year the balance-sheet of the bank presents the following curious items of expenditure:—

Pour le monsieur qui se pend :	
Mois d'Août	- 1,000 fr.
" de Janvier	- 1,000 "

But what will be the end, asks M. Sirven, of this gentleman who hangs himself? Perhaps the sentinel on some occasion may happen to be deaf. Or perhaps the bank may take his name and description, and when he applies for the hush-money may remind him that last year they bade him hang himself elsewhere. The author feels real concern at the prospects of his friend, and cites his case, without a smile, to show the wretchedness of the gambler's career.

Of the celebrities of the green cloth, M. Sirven has scarcely anything to tell. Garcia, to whose recent escapade we are principally indebted for M. Sirven's book and others of the same sort, was a frequent player at Homburg, which was "the quarter of his predilection." On one occasion, two years ago, he played for twelve consecutive hours—from eleven in the forenoon until eleven at night. He began by a stake of 12,500 francs, the highest allowed at *trente-et-quarante*, and by four in the afternoon he had won 500,000 francs. He then asked permission to play as high as he liked. The manager gave his consent, adding—"Il faut

\* *Les Tripts d'Allemagne—Hombourg.* Par Alfred Sirven. Paris: 1863.

qu'il nous restitue ce qu'il nous à pris, et qu'il y laisse sa peau." The intrepid Garcia raised his stake to 60,000, and finished by winning 1,750,000 francs, with which he left Homburg the following day. However, next year he came back, lost a million, retired to Paris for a week to "re-make himself," returned to Homburg and lost another million. M. Sirven professes to have in his possession some curious stories about Calzado, the accomplice of Garcia in Paris, but, considering the actual situation of Calzado, he does not think it fair to disclose them. Unless they are very different from anything that he has published in the volume before us, he need have felt no scruples. If M. Sirven would take our advice, he will change his subject when he next writes. To write well or to the point about gaming-tables and gamblers, an author ought to be more a man of the world than M. Sirven is. He reminds us of the newspaper correspondent the other day, who, instead of describing the rounds and criticizing the style of the prize-fighters, moralized about the balmy-breathing cows, and God's beautiful earth, and Goss's mother. Instead of an account of matters as they are, M. Sirven runs off to the Cemetery for Suicides, or recounts the appalling fate of "Sir William."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

## CONTENTS OF No. 417, OCTOBER 24, 1863:—

The Battle of Leipzig.			
Home Politics.	M. Billault and his Successor.	America.	Irish Emigration.
	Russia and Poland.	Mr. Stanfield's Mission.	
	Mr. Beecher on Political Morality.		
Lack of Matter. Uncritical Readers.			
Friend's Friends.	Federal Execution.	The Church Congress.	
Cotton Prospects.	The Millennium at Hand.		
	Modern German Art at Munich.		
Rachel Ray. Bishop Reginald Pecock.			
The Knights of Malta.	Breakfast in Bed.	Newfoundland.	
	Voltaire and Madame Du Chatelet.		
Mr. George Meredith's Poems.	The Hells of Germany.		

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.**—Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON.—Triumphant success of Wallace's New Romantic Opera *THE DESERT FLOWER*, which will be repeated every Evening until further notice. Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne; Messrs. W. H. Weiss, H. Corri, A. Cook, and W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon. Commence at Eight.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—ST. JAMES'S HALL. The SIXTH SEASON will commence on Monday Evening, November 2. Violin, M. Lotto; Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé.—Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

**NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE COMMITTEE.**—On Monday, November 2, this Committee will take into consideration a Proposal for holding a Public Meeting in London to do honour to the Memory of Shakespeare.

Committee Room, 129 Pall Mall, S.W. W. HEPPWORTH DIXON, Hon. Secretaries.  
J. O. HALLIWELL.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB.**  
Chairman—Sir C. W. C. DE CRESPIGNY, Bart.  
Members are informed that this Club is now open, and the Committee formed.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB.**—Candidates for Admission must have been Educated at one of the following Public Schools: Charterhouse, Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Westminster, and Winchester.—Applications for Rules and List of Members to be made to Captain SWIFT, 17 St. James's Place, St. James's, S.W.

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB.**—The Rules and List of Members of this Club are now in the Press, and Applicants for Copies are informed that they will be forwarded in a few days. W. A. SWIFT.

**HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.**

CLASSES under Signor Garcia, Mrs. Street, J. B. Chatterton, Esq., J. Benedict, Esq., H. Fraeger, Esq., Madame Louise Michan, Mons. A. Roche, Dr. Heilmann, Mrs. Harrison, H. Warren, Esq., J. Radford, Esq., Rev. W. Denham, C. J. Plumtree, Esq., Signor Valletta, W. Moore, Esq., A. Chiosso, Esq., &c. &c.  
The Senior Term begins November 2. The Junior Half Term, November 4. Prospectuses, containing Terms, &c., may be had on application.

**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield.**—The next Yearly Competitive Election of TWO BOYS under the age of Fourteen, to the Foundation of this School, will take place on January 21, 1864. Every Candidate to be examined must produce a Letter of Approval from the Warden, and this will only be granted in return for satisfactory information, upon a printed form to be obtained from the Secretary. The Examination will begin on January 20, at Eleven o'clock.

**INDIA CIVIL SERVICE COLLEGE.**—Gentlemen from the Universities, Public Schools, &c., who intend to take up SANSKRIT at the next Examination, will find very great advantages offered to them by entering the above College at once, either as Resident or Non-Resident Students. The best Masters in the higher Mathematics and Classics, French, German, Italian, Sanskrit, Mental and Natural Science, are in constant attendance.—Address, A. B. SPANOW, M.A., 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and DIRECT COMMISSIONS.**  
The Rev. C. EDWARDS, M.A., Wrangler, whose Pupils have succeeded at Five Consecutive Woolwich Examinations, occasionally has VACANCIES.—Address, Dorsey, near Windsor.

**THE Rev. J. B. WINTER, B.D.** formerly of the Leeds Grammar School, receives a limited number of PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools, the Universities, and the Military and Civil Service Examinations. Terms moderate.—12 Horbury Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

**TUITION ABROAD.**—The British Government Chaplain at a small healthy Seaport, who has had formerly great experience in Classical Tuition with advanced Students, now educates, with his Son, Twelve years old, Two or Three YOUNG GENTLEMEN of from that to Fourteen years of age. He can offer advantages for Languages, especially French, and if required, Spanish and Italian. It would be found a good opportunity for a quiet gentlemanlike Boy, anxious to make real progress in his studies, and whose health needed the comforts of home and a bracing air.—Apply, by letter, for terms and references, to Rev. F. W., care of Mr. Clifford, News and Advertising Agent, Temple, London.

**ARTISTIC EMPLOYMENT.**—There are Vacancies for Two Young Gentlemen, as PUPILS in the Studio of a Firm engaged in an interesting Branch of Art. A Premium required, and a Salary paid after a certain period.—Address, A. & B., care of Messrs. Hancock & Co., Solicitors, 36 Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

**DELICATE CHILDREN.**—A Lady residing in a very healthy Locality at a short distance from Oxford, wishes to receive into her family Two or Three CHILDREN to bring up and educate with her own. They would receive the most careful mental and physical training, and their health and happiness would be promoted by every possible means. Their Education, with strict reference always to their age and strength, would be systematically carried on under her immediate direction. Children requiring special care from delicate health, or whose Parents are abroad, would here meet with peculiar advantages.—Address, A. B. C., care of A. MacLaren, Esq., The Gymnasium, Oxford.

**LONDON DIOCESAN PENITENTIARY, Park House, Highgate.**  
Visitor—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Institution having been considerably enlarged, has recently had the increased number of 60 Penitents under its charge. The number at the present time is 54. Urgent applications for admission are received almost daily. The funds, however, are lamentably deficient; no less a sum than £1,000 being required to cover its present existing liabilities. The Council are therefore under the necessity of renewing their earnest Appeal to the Public for further and immediate assistance. Donations and Annual Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Richard Twining, Esq., Treasurer of the London Diocesan Penitentiary, 215 Strand, London, W.C.; or by the Rev. John Oliver, Warden of St. Mary Magdalene Penitentiary, Park House, Highgate, N. October 17, 1863.

**MR. HITCHMAN'S HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.**  
In the Arboretum, Leamington, is Open for Invalids, with every comfort for Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of the Water Cure Treatment, under experienced medical supervision. There are complete sets of Baths suitable for the Hydropathic Treatment, with careful and experienced attendants to apply them.—Particulars on application to Mr. HITCHMAN, M.R.C.S.E., Leamington.

**HYDROPATHY.**—SUBBROOK PARK, RICHMOND HILL, SURREY.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. THE TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultations in London at the City Turkish and Hydropathic Baths, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Four.

**FOREIGN and COLONIAL MAIL PARCEL SERVICE to**  
all Parts of the World. Regularity, Speed, Economy, Safety, Punctuality.  
EUROPE—France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other places.  
ASIA—India, Ceylon, and Eastern Seas.  
AFRICA—Algeria, Egypt, Aden, West Coast, Madeira, &c., Cape Colonies, Mauritius.  
AMERICA—States, British America, Havannah, Mexico, West Indies, N. and S. Pacific, California, British Columbia.  
AUSTRALASIA—Tasmania and New Zealand.  
Shipping in all its branches. Passages engaged, baggage shipped, insurances effected. For days of registry and tariffs apply at 23 Regent Street, S.W.; Chaplin's, Regent Circus, W.; 150 Leadenhall Street, E.C.  
WHEATLEY & CO. (late Waghorn), established 27 years.

**MONEY.**—£10,000.—Immediate ADVANCES are MADE to Officers in the Army and others, with secrecy and despatch, by a Private Gentleman, upon Note of Hand, Life Interests, Reversions, Legacies, Land Houses, or other Property. Interest, 5 per cent.—Address, A. B., 6 Norris Street, St. James's, S.W.

**CHEAP BOOKS at BULL'S LIBRARY.**—Now on Sale at very greatly reduced prices—  
Kinglake's War in the Crimea. Lyell's Antiquity of Man.  
Mrs. R. Trench's Remains. Rev. Edward Irving's Life.  
Professor Wilson's Life. Trollope's North America.  
Monthly Catalogues gratis and post free.  
BULL'S LIBRARY, 19 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**COOMES'S LIBRARY, 141 Regent Street.**—All New Works of general interest are added on publication. Single Subscription, One Guinea per Annum. Family and Country Subscription, 42s. and upwards, according to the number of volumes required. Prospectus sent on application.

**TO BOOKBUYERS.**—S. and T. GILBERT having purchased the entire remainder of the ART of ILLUMINATING, by M. DIGBY WYATT and W. B. TYN MBS, are now offering it at the extremely low price of 30s., published at 25 10s. In addition to its being a most useful book to the professional, it forms a very elaborate and elegant gift book, and from its general interest and uniform beauty is also excellently suited for the drawing-room table. N.B. The trade supplied.—London: 4 Copthall Buildings, E.C.

**GRATIS.**—Private Book buyers residing in all parts of the United Kingdom are solicited to secure, gratis and postage free, S. & T. GILBERT'S 64-page CATALOGUE OF NEW and POPULAR BOOKS in every department of literature, corrected to August, 1863.—London: 4 Copthall Buildings, back of the Bank of England, E.C. N.B. Each book subject to 2d. discount in the 1s. from the published price. Country, Shipping, and Export Orders promptly executed.

**SECURE, gratis and post free, S. & T. GILBERT'S NEW REMAINDER CATALOGUES,** containing an immense selection of new and popular Books, published at 1s. up to 25s. now reduced in price, from 3d. to 25s. 14s. 3d. Orders, 2s. and upwards, sent carriage free to all parts of England and Wales. All warranted perfect and precisely the same as when issued by the publishers.  
4 Copthall Buildings, back of the Bank of England, E.C.

**GHOST (Mr. and Mrs.)**—Twelve Stamps. Post free.  
51 Cheshide.

**GHOSTS.** Price One Shilling. Post free.  
110 Regent Street.

**QUITE NEW.**—Mr. and Mrs. GHOST (previous to their departure) have honoured the artists of the London Stereoscopic Company with sittings for their *CARTES DE VISITE*, and these remarkably successful portraits were, by permission, published on Monday last, the 19th instant. 1s.; Stereoscopic, 1s. 6d.; free by post for stamps.  
51 Cheshide, and 110 Regent Street.

**HA! HA! HA!**—The Earthquake has stirred up the Bile of the Penny-a-Liners, who love dearly to abuse Zerkel. It came, as predicted, close upon the Conjunction of the Sun, Saturn, and Mars, which occurs only once in a century. ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC for 1864 now on Sale.—G. Bazaar, London.

**COUNCIL MEDAL, 1851.—FIRST CLASS MEDAL, 1855.**  
PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.—The above Medals have been awarded to SMITH, BECK, & BECK, who have REMOVED from 6 Coleman Street, to 31 Cornhill, E.C., where they have opened extensive Show Rooms containing large assortments of Achromatic Microscopes, and all classes of Optical, Meteorological, and other Scientific Instruments and Apparatus.—Catalogues sent on receipt of six postage stamps.

**CARPETS and CURTAIN MATERIALS.**—A Superb Lot of FRENCH CHINTZES at half price, from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per yard; Aubusson Carpets in all sizes, and Tapestry Carpets, at 2s. 11d. per yard.  
COMPTON HOUSE, Frith Street and Old Compton Street, Soho, W.